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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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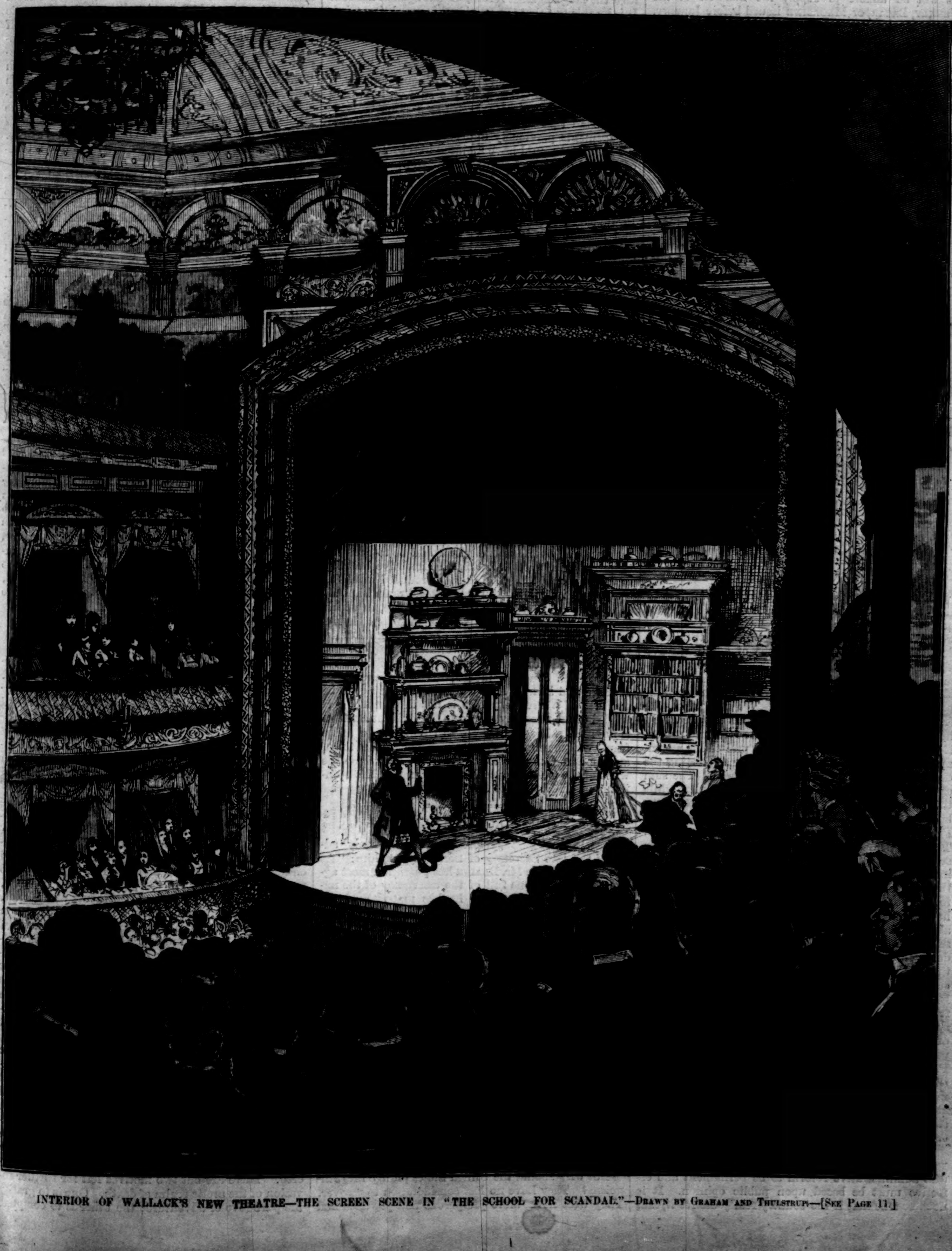

INTERIOR OF WALLACK'S NEW THEATRE—THE SCREEN SCENE IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."—Drawn by Graham and Thulstrup.—[See Page 11.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS beg leave to state that, six months from date, they intend to destroy the plates and all copies on hand of HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S MAGAZINE previous to 1878. Parties desiring to complete their files of these journals are requested to send in their orders before June 30, 1882, as, after that date, the publishers will be unable to supply the numbers of the WEEKLY, BAZAR, or MAGAZINE issued before January, 1878.

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 114, published January 3, gives the little folks a rare treat for the opening of the New Year. There is the first part of a charming story by MRS. JOHN LILLIE, *entitled "Marjorie's New-Year Eve," illustrated, and one by* MR. FRANK CONVERSE, *entitled "Eph's New-Year Boots." There is an admirable article on Sponges, by* MISS SARAH COOPER, *with five illustrations. Max Rander tells what befell him in his attempt to ride a Bicycle, and* MR. CRAIG *instructs the young folks "How to Play." The serial story keeps up its interest, and the art-illustrations are especially attractive. Two pages are given to the ancient story of the "Queen of Hearts," the main incidents being graphically depicted by* MR. R. CALDECOTT'S *humorous pencil.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, per year	$1 50
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SAYING AND DOING.

THE attitude of the President toward reform is to be determined, not by what he says, but by what he does. When the Message was sent to Congress, we pointed out the candid way in which the President acknowledged the existence of administrative abuses, and considered the merits of the proposed remedy. We mentioned also his curious omission of all allusion to the probation which is an essential part of the reformed method. We recognized the frankness of the President's declaration that he would heartily co-operate in enforcing the reformed system if Congress should approve it, and praised his recommendation that the original grant for supporting the existing Commission should be renewed. The sum of the Message upon this subject was this, that while the reformers make the passage of the PENDLETON bill by Congress their present objective point, the President agrees to enforce it should it be passed. This is an important fact. It is indeed true, as we suggested, that it may be regarded as a safe agreement, because he knows that Congress will not pass the bill. Throwing the entire responsibility of reform upon Congress, he may plead its inaction or hostility as his justification for countenancing the abuses. But neither the President nor any other sensible man would suppose that the country can be deceived by so very simple and shallow an artifice as that. He is watched by exceedingly shrewd observers. There is and can be no misapprehension. The President's views and course upon the subject of reform hitherto are perfectly well known. His party associates are familiar political figures. The methods of election campaigns which he has conducted are patent. The only question, upon his accession to the Presidency, was whether his course as President of the United States would be what it had been as chairman of the Republican State Committee of New York. It was not impossible that the total change of circumstances might produce some change of view and general policy.

Such a change must be determined, not by his words, but by his conduct. It is undoubtedly true that administrative reform to be permanent and effective must be based upon public opinion. It is not less true that, if the country really desires it, that desire will appear in Congress. But it is equally true that as it is an Executive reform, an Executive sincerely persuaded of its necessity can promote it most powerfully both directly and indirectly. The President can show his faith by his works, and by so doing he can profoundly affect Congress and public opinion. Admitting, as we do, that to be permanent the reform must be approved by public opinion, and consequently by Congress, yet the power of the President to hasten that approval is immense. If he waits for Congress to move before he moves, he virtually announces that he either does not comprehend the reform, or that he does not desire it. Congress certainly will not be influenced by the words of a President whose acts show that he himself does not care for them. If, for instance, he declares that reform would be a very good thing, and then appoints officers whose chief distinction is opposition to reform, he does not turn the laugh against reformers, but against himself. It is by this test that the President is now being tried, and it is doubtful if he has yet furnished any evidence whatever of regard for administrative reform except that he has not removed either the Collector or the Postmaster at New York.

What does his conduct show? Unquestionably, if he were much interested in the subject, he would have sought to retain Mr. JAMES as Postmaster-General. Had that been impossible because of private engagements previously undertaken by Mr. JAMES, the President would have replaced him by some man of decided opinions favorable to reform. Mr. HOWE is an excellent man, but Mr. HOWE, as successor to Mr. JAMES, is, as he would himself admit, ludicrous from the point of view of reform. But Mr. HOWE as Postmaster-General, supported by Mr. HATTON as his first assistant, is, in that view, exquisitely comical. Add to this the appointment of Collector at Chicago because, as reported, Senator LOGAN declared it was a "Senatorial appointment," and that of Postmaster at Pittsburgh because Senator CAMERON nodded approval, and that of Collector at Oswego in New York because of devotion to the late "Stalwart machine" in the State, and the position of the President upon this question becomes more clearly defined. His action can not be held, even by the most optimistic observer, to indicate any serious desire that appointments should be made solely for public reasons of fitness, and not for those of party management or personal intrigue. The President throws upon Congress the responsibility of reform, but his conduct hardly invites Congress to regard his word. A President who sincerely wished to break up abuses would show plainly that he did not intend to submit to Congressional dictation; that he meant to remove only for legitimate reasons; that honest and efficient officers should be re-appointed; that, so far as his power extended, minor appointments should be made for proved merit only; and that to levy political assessments upon government clerks would be to earn his utmost displeasure. All this an Executive heartily in earnest could do. The change produced would be temporary, indeed, for it would depend upon himself. It would involve a contest with the Senate, in which he might be sometimes balked, as President HAYES was balked in the nomination of THEODORE ROOSEVELT. But his action would wonderfully arouse and educate public opinion, and hasten an effective reform. Such conduct, indeed, would require great courage and address and patriotism. It is not to be expected of a President who is not thoroughly persuaded of the necessity of reform. President ARTHUR is not such a President. He will honestly go, as he frankly says, as fast as Congress authorizes him to go, and he asks Congress to enable him to continue the work of the Civil Service Commission. Public opinion must direct itself to Congress.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

THE Philadelphia *Telegraph*, which warmly admires the late Secretary of State, says of him: "As Secretary of State Mr. BLAINE has pursued a most aggressive policy; one full of the assertancy of the nation's dignity and power; he has materialized the spirit of the MONROE doctrine, and has served notice upon all mankind that the American continent is for Americans, and not for the Old World." When Lord CHATHAM began his famous and triumphant conduct of the British foreign relations, British prestige was almost destroyed, and CHATHAM'S magnificent grasp of affairs completely restored it. When CANNING proposed to the United States the joint declaration which ended in the assertion of the MONROE doctrine, it was a proposition in the interest of constitutional liberty against the insidious designs of the Holy Alliance. Even when Lord BEACONSFIELD dashed into Jingoism, made the Queen Empress of India, summoned the sepoys to Europe, and startled the world with pyrotechnical statesmanship, it was under the pretense that the huckstering "Manchester school" had peddled away the renown and influence of Great Britain, and that a great endeavor and a great sum of money would be well devoted to recover them.

But why should the United States plunge into Jingoism? They have no lost consideration to recover. They were never more prosperous and powerful and influential. They were never more respected. The bumptious school of "manifest destiny" has dropped into merited discredit. There was never less occasion for "serving notice upon all mankind" that America is for Americans. During the last twenty years this country has demonstrated its exhaustless resources and untiring energy. Ithas vindicated the immense force and flexibility of republican government in a simple and natural way. There is no need of emphasizing its ability to take care of itself. The significance of the spectacle has been fully heeded. There is less occasion than ever before in our history to take a "lofty" tone, because the incredulity and contempt and indifference of other nations have ceased. If there are really international questions to be settled, they can be temperately debated without any possible necessity of vociferation or posturing. Americans have been always most effective when least sensational. It is in the blood of the English race from which we are mainly sprung to distrust melodramatic men and policies. This quality never showed itself more positively than in the sudden and complete prostration of Jingoism in England. Lord BEACONSFIELD had been long attitudinizing and conjuring with "British interests," "British pride," and "British influence." For a time the country seemed to be dazzled. There was a most un-English glitter in the whole course of administration. But one touch of British common-sense shivered it like a Rupert's-drop. The apparent ascending planet went out like a blue-light.

We should be very sorry to think that the late Secretary's letters had been properly interpreted by the journal from which we quote, or that his correspondence, and the appointment of an Interoceanic Committee by the House of Representatives, mean an aggressive and "picturesque" foreign policy. Our interests upon this continent are, of course, paramount. European domination or colonization is relinquished. Even Canada hangs very loosely to the maternal bosom. It may be assumed as definitely settled that there will be no further political European enterprises upon Western shores. We have no "entangling alliances" with any European state except the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. That treaty, in Mr. BLAINE'S view, practically concedes to Great Britain the control of whatever canal may be constructed, and as a canal is now contemplated, the question of the desirability of such control naturally arises. Our situation and our interests, our traditional pacific policy and our complete non-military position, make us the natural guardians of such a waterway. Indeed, it may be assumed that no such work could be accomplished against our declared opposition. There is no occasion, therefore, for any but the most friendly representations in the most quiet way. Nothing is so destructive of the confidence which is essential to prosperous trade and industry as "a spirited foreign policy," if by such a policy is meant perpetually suggesting the possibility of foreign complications and trouble. Our power and importance upon this continent are not likely to be disregarded, and our "dignity and honor" do not require that we should swagger.

ARCTIC ROMANCE.

THE story of the *Jeannette* is another painful chapter in the old and fascinating romance of arctic travel. The same charm which the icy sea has always had for certain navigators, the tale of their voyages has had for generations of children and men and women. After the *Arabian Nights*, in the fond preference of many a boy of the last generation, came the travels of Captains ROSS and PARRY and BACH and FRANKLIN. In a later day, Dr. KANE was famous because he had sought the pole, and since his time the discovery of the remains of the FRANKLIN expedition, the voyages of HALL, and the daring enterprises of McCLINTOCK and NARES and PAYER and NORDENSKJÖLD, and their heroic comrades in exploration, have been a succession of remarkable events, all of the same general character—bold dashes and resolute pertinacity to reach the pole, to solve the problem of an open sea, to determine the outlines of continents and islands, to find a northeastern passage and a northwestern passage; and while the great ultimate object, the pole, has been unattained, much has been added to our actual knowledge, and very much to the stores of romantic narrative. The great delight with which DU CHAILLU'S *Land of the Midnight Sun* is received is partly due to the fact that the story brings us to the shores of the icy ocean and the spectacle of the midnight sun. It looks out upon the awful and silent scene of arctic heroism.

The risk, the exposure, the disaster, of these arctic expeditions are enormous. As feats of human endurance they are marvellous. And they have at least settled conclusively the great fact that no practical advantage can result from further exploration. A sea hopelessly and always choked with ice, and a climate of absolute frost, can not be the scene of human activity. The only channels into the sea are now known. The northwestern passage has been discovered. There are but two motives left for further invasion of the arctic realm of death. One is to gratify the pure love of adventure; the other is to complete scientific knowledge of the surface of the globe. The last will long be the alleged motive, but we suspect that the first will be the *causa causans*. The same heroic spirit that led Sir Humphrey Gilbert will still allure men of the same mould. Beneath all the argument *cui bono*—the argument of experience, of suffering, of death—there remains the haughty unwillingness of human nature to be baffled. One by one the great secrets have been wrested from nature. Neither heat nor cold can bind them fast. The sources of the Nile are revealed, the African continent has been crossed, the northwest passage has been discovered. Only the pole remains to be reached, and it will still be found to be a resistless magnet.

None of the arctic expeditions will be more interesting probably in the telling than that of the *Jeannette*. If only we could hear that, despite incredible exposure, there had been no loss of life—that from the ship crushed in the ice, for five hundred miles over a frozen sea, the hardy mariners had pushed their successful way, with all their company, to a shore so bleak and remote that nothing of it is known—the gratification would be unique and great. In any case, that so many reached the Siberian coast is cause for congratulation. These hardy fellow-men, grappling in a contest with the most fatal elemental forces, and emerging safe from the deadly contact, are not to be denounced as foolish Quixotes. There is the heroic quality in their endeavor to which the universal human heart is loyal. "Do you think," said Thackeray, at a dinner to Dr. Kane, when the young explorer had just returned—"do you think he would let me kneel down and lick his boots?" The blood of the Berserker was stirred in his English veins. Taine says that it is never far under the English skin. It is the Viking still lurking in the frame that impels alike the endless and daring quest, and the fascinated admiration of it.

CHEAP ISSUE OF A UNIQUE BOOK.

Mr. Eaton's work upon the civil service of Great Britain has been just issued complete in the "Franklin Square Library." The hosts of inquirers throughout the country may now for twenty-five cents satisfy their desire of knowledge of the historical evils of patronage, and the remedy which Great Britain has applied to them. Mr. Eaton's book is a work of great care and intelligence, and it is entirely unique. Civil service associations everywhere should secure it as their first document. Nothing will assure the increase of their membership more certainly than a general diffusion of this admirable *thesaurus*.

The Boston and Cambridge associations now issue, probably monthly, the *Civil Service Record*, for twenty-five cents a year. It is a very neat paper, of small quarto form, containing both brief original papers and selections. Its publication depends chiefly upon voluntary contributions, and all friends are requested to send subscriptions and donations. As a missionary of reform and an exchange of general information of the formation and action of associations, the *Record* is extremely valuable.

The organization of the National League has brought the associations into a common understanding and co-operation. Public interest in the subject is most active and universal. It shows itself now in the general discussion. It will show itself in the autumn by the categorical inquiries that will be addressed to candidates for Congress in every part of the country. It will be wise for intending candidates to look both into the merits of the question and the extent and quality of public interest in it.

THE SOLDIERS AND THE PENSION ARREARS BILL.

A correspondent asks with amazement and indignation whether the universal denunciation of the pension arrears swindle means that the country grudges a paltry recompense to the soldiers who left home and family, fronted ghastly death and disease in a thousand forms, endured the agonies of Belle Isle and Andersonville, returned maimed and disabled, their careers arrested, their future lost, and their lives a heavy burden. Was it for this outcry against pensions that the young men of twenty years ago marched away to the field to save the country, which cheered and wept and prayed over their departure?

We should not believe that any soldier of the Union could ask such a question, if our correspondent did not declare that he carried a musket, and long ago received his pension. If any country ever showed its gratitude to its citizen soldiers, it is this, and the crowning evidence of it was the unwillingness of Congress even to seem to oppose a bill introduced, as it were, in the dark, and pushed through amid all the doubt that reasonable and intelligent men could not but entertain. The sole reason that it was not thoroughly searched and exposed was that delay and inquisition would seem to show indifference to the soldiers and their service and suffering.

Does our correspondent suppose that the vast sum involved in this payment goes to the soldiers? Or does he doubt that if it were to go to the soldiers there would be any opposition to the payment? No; it is because of the vast system of fraud which is known to have been built upon the claims that there is such general indignation. Every journal which has denounced it has at the same time declared that every honest claim should be paid. Our correspondent will hardly assert that poor men should be taxed to give money to impostors. He thinks that there is a feeling in the country, "outside the sordid sentiment of the city, which will do justice to the soldiers." But he is singularly unjust to his fellow-citizens and curiously forgetful of the truth in implying that the cities were cold or stingy to the soldier. In the city of New York, indeed, there was a strong Copperhead faction, but there was nowhere among Union men a more fervent and self-sacrificing patriotism, and nowhere was aid more prompt and constant or gifts more munificent. Even if it be a soldier who says it, it is a gross libel to say that the country has been niggardly or indifferent to the soldiers.

GOING! GOING!

One inevitable result of the purely personal politics which springs from patronage is such a spectacle as Tammany Hall now offers. It is not unfair to say that there is no confidence whatever in any patriotic or public motive for the existence or performances of that institution. It is a body of politicians "on the make," a band of political free lances, of which Mr. John Kelly is the Sforza or Gonzaga, and which levies blackmail in the form of patronage—which means money—upon both of the two great parties by the proffer of its vote.

Its power is made possible by the coincidence of want of principle and the balance of parties. The vote of New York is so evenly divided that a few thousand votes either way determine the result of an election. For two or three years Tammany Hall has served notice upon the Democratic party, from which it is recruited, that it must have certain terms and advantages secured, or it would leave the party to destruction. The party has declined every year, and Tammany has kept its word. It elected Governor Cornell in 1879. It was inactive for General Hancock in 1880. It defeated the reformed Democracy in 1881. It is a terrible spectre for the Democratic party, for it holds in its hands party success or defeat, and it does not hesitate to exercise its power.

Its present opportunity is the organization of the Legislature, which will take place simultaneously with the issue of this paper. The Democratic majority is small, and, in the Senate, organization is impossible without the consent of the Tammany squad. It is understood to have proposed its terms. Should they be accepted, the organization will be Democratic. Should they be spurned, and the squad hold fast, organization will be impracticable unless it votes with the Republicans. The temptation to bargain will be great, but we hope that Republican virtue will be able to withstand it. The situation is but another sign of that of the country. The parties now cohere by traditional and personal address and intrigue, not by great common convictions. It is the condition which precedes a change.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

The friends of "spoils" find great comfort in an extract from the Toronto *Globe*. The *Globe* has no especial knowledge of the subject, but it says:

> "Under the American system very few useless drones can get into the service. A man must have a great deal of 'go' about him to perform the party service which entitles him to his reward. And when he is appointed, his official life is usually short. Whether it is from this constant succession of 'new brooms' or not, it is a fact that the American civil service—*theoretically the worst in the world—practically accomplishes good work*. Everybody who has had occasion to confer with American civil servants must have noticed also that the proportion of supercilious jacks-in-office among them is very much smaller than in the Canadian and British service. The American is continually having brought before him the fact that the people are his masters, while on our side of the line far too many public servants consider themselves vastly superior to the tax-paying classes."

On the other hand, an American journal, exceedingly well informed upon the subject, and in no sense a "reforming" paper, the Indianapolis *Journal*, remarks:

> "It is observed that when a man has once held a government office, the thirst for it never leaves him. He becomes a mud-turtle, and the remainder of his life is devoted to hunting a place to bask in. This is because so many offices are sinecures. The incumbent is a figure-head, appointed through nepotism, favoritism, or supposed political service. His main duty is to draw his salary. In no other business could he make half so much. He learns to love the pleasure of calmly basking in a soft place, and is ruined for any active work. It is a solemn fact that our present want of system and rule in the bestowal of offices has worked and is working untold change to the country by breeding office-seekers, dependents, and toadies. This is a greater evil than occasional malfeasance in office."

To this might be added the conclusion of the committee of experts, in the investigation of the Bureau of Engraving in Washington, that the force employed is often three times as large as necessary, because of appointment by personal and political favor; and that of the joint Congressional committee in 1867, which reported that under a system of appointment by proved competency, instead of political influence, the same amount of service could be obtained at about two-thirds of the present cost, and the service rendered would be of greater value. These are statements quite as important and valuable as those of the Canadian paper. The honorable and efficient members of the civil service know the army of drones and bummers who are quartered upon it very much better than outsiders; and some of the most earnest, intelligent, and active friends of thorough reform are gentlemen in the service.

PERSONAL.

The popular notion is that Queen Victoria's fortune is something fabulous. Of course she is wealthy, but the demands upon her position are many and large. London *Truth* says that when Prince Albert died, many of the state departments were in debt; these debts have been paid off. Some of them—such as that of the Master of the Horse, for which £10,000 per annum is allowed—always have to borrow from the other departments or from the privy purse. The Queen really does not put by as much as £20,000 per annum on an average of years. She has always given £100,000 to each of her daughters who have married, and this has drained her savings.

—Mr. Robert B. Marston has recently been admitted as a partner into the well-known English publishing house of Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington. Mr. Marston, who is the second son of the present senior partner of the house, Mr. Edward Marston, has for some years been one of the most active and valuable associates in the business, and his present position is well earned. Some one has said that every man should have a vocation as well as an avocation. Mr. Marston's vocation is as a disciple of Izaak Walton. He is one of the champion fishermen of England, and the editor and proprietor of the *Fishing Gazette*, the authority for English anglers, which now is added to the firm's long list of periodicals, but still under his special management. Mr. Marston is one of the chief promoters of the International Fisheries Exhibition to be held in London, and was honored with a medal from the recent German one.

—Charles Sumner once spoke of Wendell Phillips's conversation as being full of humorous and witty sayings, and that sometimes they cropped out in his speeches. "But," said Mr. Sumner, "they never do in mine. You might as well look for a joke in the book of Revelation."

—The Rev. Dr. Field, editor of the *Evangelist*, says: "I once asked Dean Stanley, 'Who is your ecclesiastical superior?' He answered instantly, 'The Queen.' He was not subject to the Bishop of London nor to the Archbishop of Canterbury. This puzzled me at first, till Dr. De Koven afterward explained it in a word by saying that the Dean of Westminster was virtually, if not in name, a mitred abbot, which made him the equal of any bishop. The Dean told me that even had he departed ever so widely from the faith of the Church of England, yet no man in the realm could touch him. The only one who could ever bring a charge or a complaint against him would be the Lord Chancellor, and then it would have to go to the Queen, who (this he did not say, but one could not help thinking), being his warm personal friend, would not have been a very severe judge."

—The late Colonel Forney was noted for his interest in and promotion of young men of promise. On the day the *Press* was first published, a small boy passing by the office saw an announcement on the bulletin-board that a boy was "wanted to read proof." He walked into the building, saw the business manager, and was at once employed. He gave his name as John Russell Young. Some years afterward Colonel Forney, then in Washington, wrote to Luther Ringwalt, the managing editor of the *Press*, and now editor of the *Railway World*, complimenting him on two striking editorials that had appeared in the columns of the *Press*. Mr. Ringwalt replied that the editorials were not of his composition, but were the work of Young, the former proof boy. The promising young journalist was, as quickly as word could be sent to Philadelphia, advanced to a prominent position on the paper.

—At the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, in Baltimore, is an old lady who, according to a dispatch in the Philadelphia *Press*, is proved unquestionably to be the mother of Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer. Mrs. Eastway was born in County Cork, Ireland, nearly seventy years ago. Her father was a butcher named Hauckens, and lived until she had grown to womanhood. She married Captain Henry Eastway, a seaman, in 1837, and soon after the couple left Great Britain, and went to Baltimore.

—The unanimous nomination of Francis N. Bangs, Esq., to the Presidency of the Bar Association of New York for the ensuing year is a compliment not more distinguished than deserved. Mr. Bangs has long ranked amongst the ablest members of the legal profession in New York, and his well-earned reputation as well as his fine social qualities are thus appropriately and gracefully recognized.

—Mr. Labouchere, in a recent number of London *Truth*, says that "America is sending us prime beef and mutton. American wool is ousting English from the market. American apples are more numerous in the English market than home-grown. America is now sending us 'English' plum-puddings ready for boiling. American horses have this year won the principal races in England and France. And now that America is bestirring herself about her navy, what will be left for poor old England to plume herself upon?"

—The Hon. William L. Scott, a prominent railway magnate of Erie, Pennsylvania, has just given a $3000 organ to St. Paul's Church in that city. His idea seems to have been "St. Paul preferred."

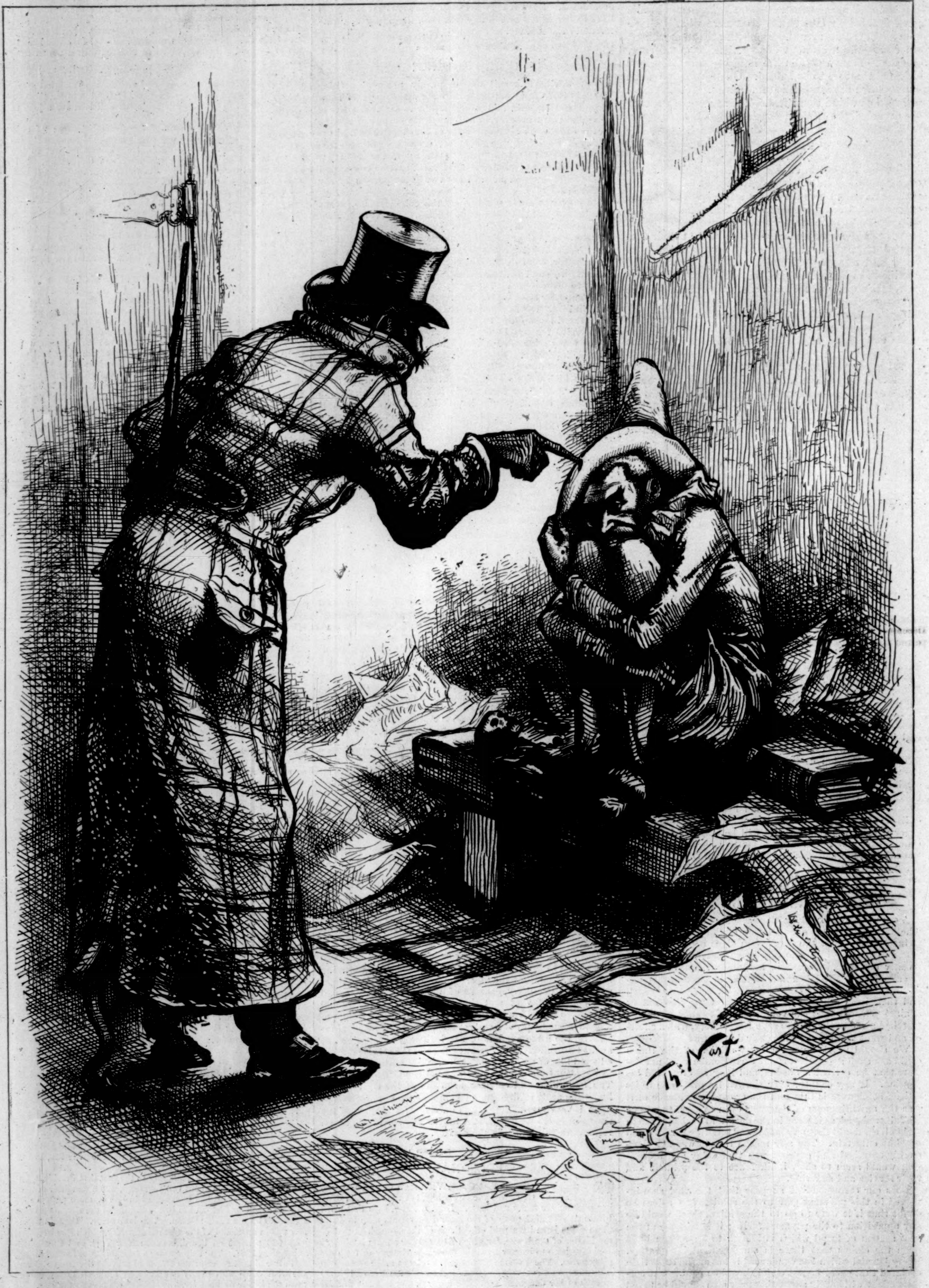
—Alluding to the expected marriage next autumn of Miss Annie Louise Cary (forty-one) to Mr. James Lorillard (thirty-five), of this city, a Maine gentleman, who was one of Miss Cary's neighbors and school-mates, said, recently: "There wasn't a boy or girl in the whole school that could climb a tree or jump over a fence so well as Annie Louise. Bare-headed and bare-shouldered, she once took a wild colt to break, and he ran with her to the borders of Auburn before she stopped him. She came back laughing."

—The justices of the United States Supreme Court are said to speak with dignified jocularity of their new gowns, which are the very height of fashion, being veritable Mother Hubbard cloaks. These gowns, which are always of the best quality of silk, cost upward of $100. When the court was first organized, the gowns were quite gaudy. A portrait in oil of the first Chief Justice, John Jay, now hangs in the robing-room opposite the Supreme Court room, in which he is represented as wearing a black gown with a broad, bright red border around the neck and down the front, edged with gray, and sleeves with red border at top and bottom, and edged with gray.

—Mr. Spurgeon loses none of his readiness at repartee. Recently he met a young gentleman who said: "Why, I do more good in the world than you, sir. You only promulgate your own opinions." Mr. Spurgeon: "Really? but what may you do?" The Youth: "I breed and run race-horses." Mr. Spurgeon: "Perhaps you can construe me a riddle. Why doesn't the devil run express trains to hell?" The sporting gentleman, after declaring that he believed in neither the one nor the other, gave it up. "Because," said Mr. Spurgeon, "young gentlemen can get there faster nowadays by running race-horses."

—General John H. Martindale, who died at Nice on the 13th ult., at the age of sixty-six, was one of the foremost lawyers of Western New York. After filling for many years the office of District Attorney of Genesee County, he removed to a larger and more valuable field of practice at Rochester. During the war he held several important commands, prominent among which was the military governorship of Washington from 1862 to 1864. For gallantry at Malvern Hills he was brevetted Major-General. He was Attorney-General of the State from 1866 to 1868, and discharged its duties with signal ability. Few members of the profession were more highly esteemed than General Martindale. He was a thoroughly educated man, a very conscientious and just man, a man of great industry, of fine temper, irreproachable life, and of very genial and winning manners.

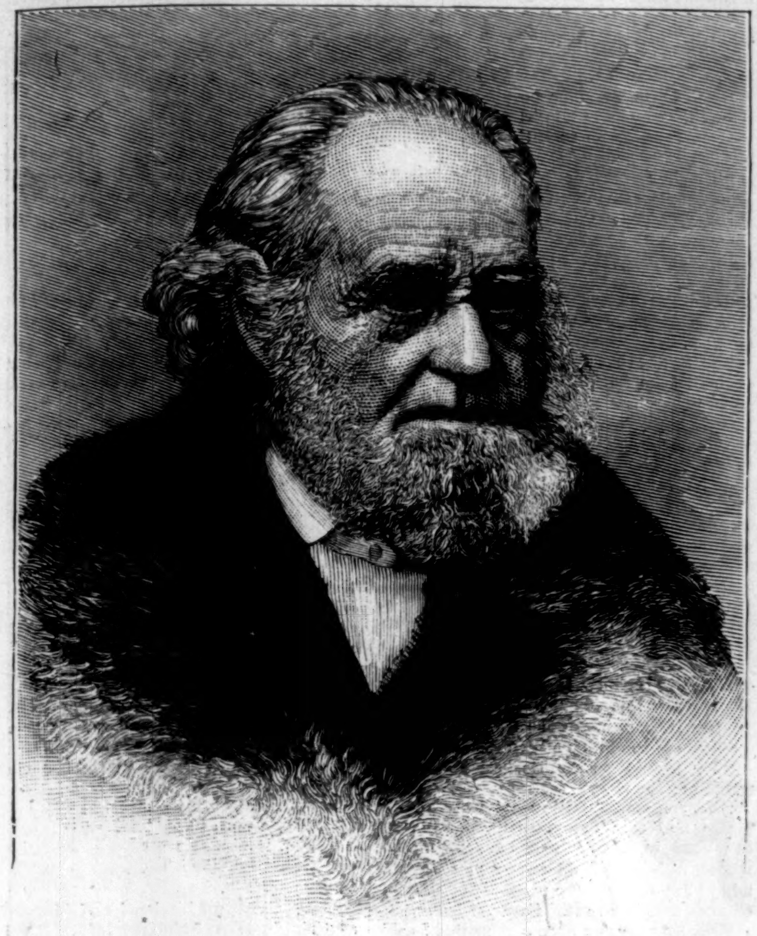
—The Washington *Star*, alluding to the fact that President Arthur's wife, who died about two years ago, was a daughter of Captain Herndon, says it has been stated in one or more papers that Captain Herndon lost his life by the sinking of the steam-ship *San Francisco* on the Pacific Ocean. This is an error. Captain Herndon was in command of the *Central America*, which was wrecked, with 626 persons on board, between New York and Havana, in September, 1857. The ship sprung a leak during a fearful storm, and after almost superhuman efforts to prevent her from sinking, she went down with nearly five hundred souls on board, among them the heroic commander, who stood at his post to the last. He succeeded in having all the women and children, who were in great peril, conveyed to the Norwegian bark *Ellen*, which came to their relief, and a few other passengers were afterward picked up by other vessels. Captain Thomas W. Badger, of Baltimore, one of the rescued, said: "Captain Herndon behaved nobly throughout, and was standing near me on the hurricane-deck when she [the ship] went down. He sank, however, to rise no more, leaving a name to be honored among the heroes of the sea."



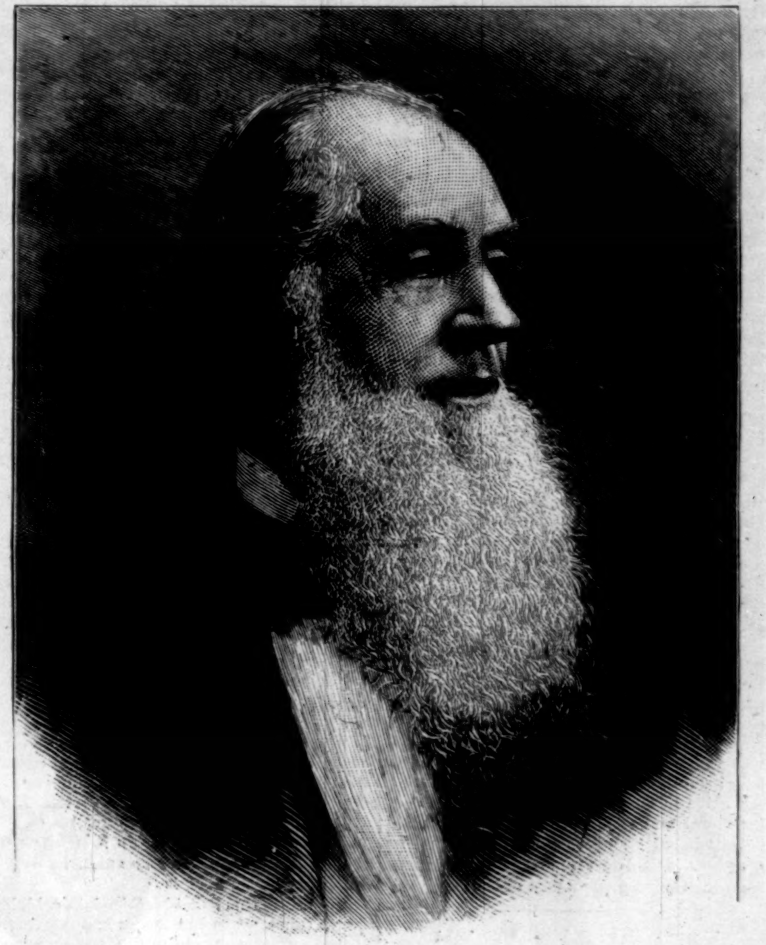
A NEW-YEAR'S CALL.

(BEHIND THE SCENES.)

MR. FALLEN ANGEL, *alias* INSANE SPIRIT, *alias* ETC., ETC. "I want you to understand one thing, Mr. GUITEAU, I won't have my reputation ruined by you. It was I that inspired you, you whelp, and you know it. *Au revoir.*"



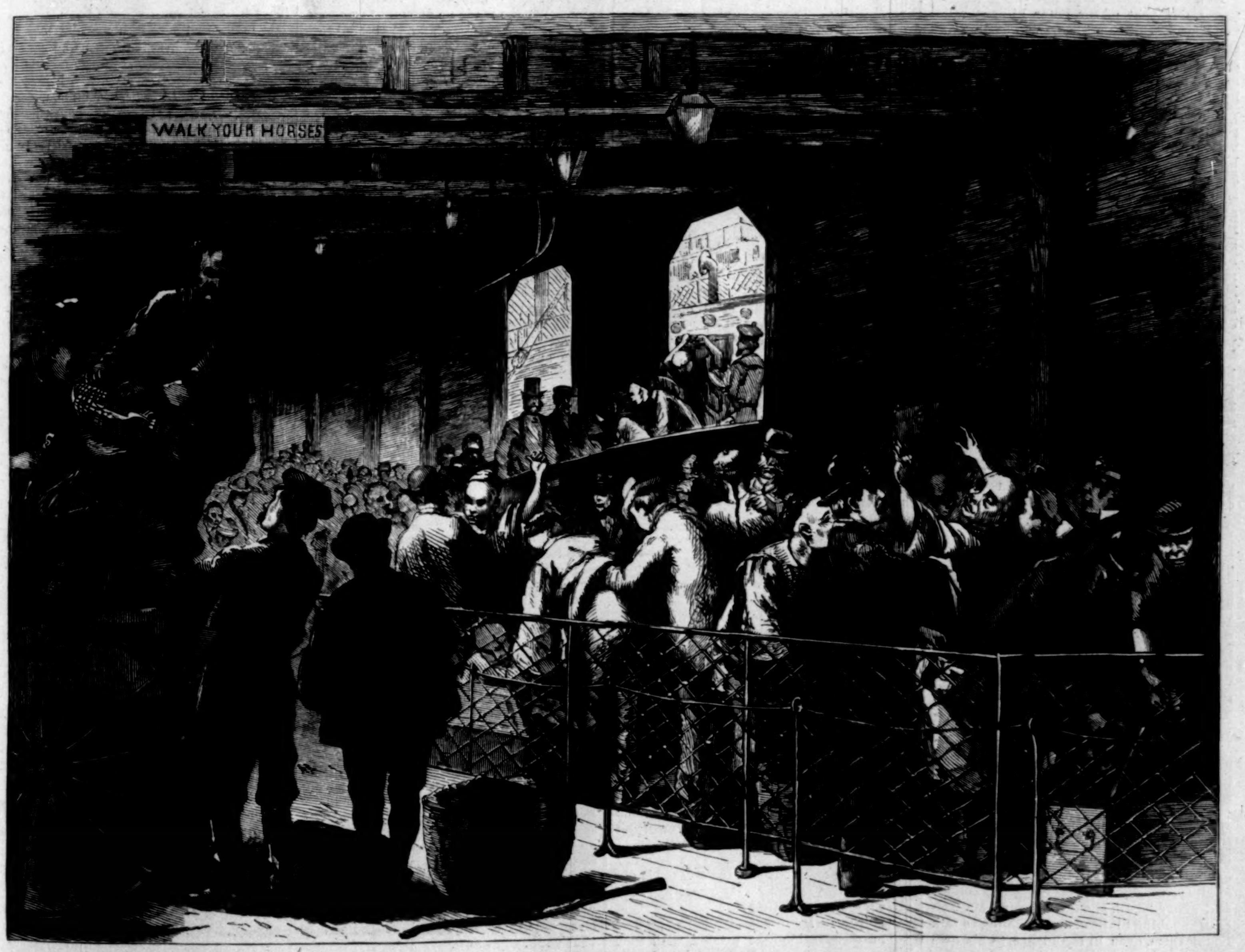
DR. LEONARD BACON.—Photographed by Moulthrop.



CAPTAIN ISAAC BASSETT.—Photographed by Bell.—[See Page 7.]

LEONARD BACON, D.D.

Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, who died Saturday, December 24, had the rare felicity of enjoying the unimpaired vigor of his faculties to the end of a long life. He was born in Detroit, Michigan, February 19, 1802, but was educated in New England, at Yale College and Andover Seminary. For forty-one years, from 1825 to 1866, he was pastor of the First Congregational Church of New Haven. Without any special gift of eloquence, his sterling good sense and weight of character won for him the regard and affection of his people during this long settlement. He was easily the chief of the New Haven ministers, and his sound judgment made him the trusted counsellor of the orthodox Congregational Church of Connecticut. He was



SEARCHING CHINESE IMMIGRANTS FOR OPIUM, AT SAN FRANCISCO.—From a Sketch by W. W. Bode.—[See Page 11.]

a bishop in all but the name, and without the authority of office, swayed the churches of the State through the force of his personal influence.

In his literary undertakings Dr. BACON was remarkably fortunate. Aiming not so much at high literary excellence as at usefulness, he was exceedingly useful. In 1843, with other friends, he established the *New-Englander*, a bimonthly periodical, with which he retained an editorial connection until the end of his life. With Drs. STORRS, THOMPSON, and LEAVITT, he edited for some years the New York *Independent*. This paper, established in 1848, by its breadth and vigorous treatment of public questions, opened a new era in the religious journalism of the United States. Dr. BACON retained his editorial connection with this paper till 1863. In 1866 Dr. BACON resigned his pastoral position, and from that period till 1871 was Professor of Revealed Theology in Yale College. At the time of his death he had been for ten years Lecturer on Ecclesiastical Polity and American Church History in the same institution. One of his latest literary productions is *The Genesis of the New England Churches*. Others are, *Thirteen Historical Discourses on the Completion of Two Hundred Years from the Beginning of the First Church of New Haven* and *Slavery Discussed in Occasional Lectures from* 1833 *to* 1838. Dr. BACON took a deep interest in political and social questions, and discussed them with great directness, in the newspaper press. In condemning a wrong, though he spoke without passion, he used no circumlocution. Take him for all in all, he was a fine specimen of a New England minister: sound to the core, honest, sturdy, conservative in doctrines, but alive to the call for moral and social progress; a man who detested shams, and was himself thoroughly genuine. His death removes a great figure from the Congregationalism of Connecticut.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "FROM EXILE," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "WALTER'S WORD," "WON—NOT WOOED," "WHAT HE COST HER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE BRINK.

EVEN the richest men have their weaknesses, and that of Sir Peter Fibbert was "temper." Unlike a fire, he was easily put out, but by no means so easily put in again, and the difference between fair weather and foul was very marked with him. When he didn't joke, he stormed. The least thing would do it: a tink in the machinery of the mill; a scowl from "a hand" dismissed—a very different thing from that "vanished hand," the touch of which the poet missed so; a fall in the cotton market; the omission of his man to brush his hat, or a disagreeable business letter. It was this last misfortune that put him in ill-humor one morning when at breakfast, as usual, with his daughter and Percy. He had received news of the commercial failure of a village linen-draper, which meant a bad debt to the firm of perhaps twenty pounds, and the state of Sir Peter's money market was always what is technically termed "sensitive."

"What the deuce people mean by failing in this outrageous way I can't think," exclaimed the outraged knight. "Here's a fellow starts with nothing, asks us for credit, speculates with our goods, loses them, and then comes out of the bankruptcy as white as snow."

"It reminds me of our own manufacturing process," smiled Percy, "except that 'the devil' has him at last, instead of at first."

"I see nothing to laugh at, sir," said Sir Peter, incensed at the ill-timed jest on the loss of good money. "What it reminds *you* of I don't know, but it reminds me that the affairs of the firm want looking to. It is most abominable that in the only good time we have had for years, or are likely to have, a third of our profits should go to a dead man, who can do no stroke of work to help us. For my part, I think it something worse than discreditable—since he only lived a few minutes into the current year—that such a quibble should be taken advantage of by his family."

"Well, really, sir, if Mr. Lyster had lived a few minutes *short* of the necessary time," urged Percy, "you wouldn't have called it a quibble to take advantage—"

"Hold your tongue, sir!" exclaimed Sir Peter, vehemently. "I should have done everything that was right and proper in that case, as in any other. I use the word discreditable in connection with Mr. Lyster's affairs advisedly. If everything was correct and above-board, should we have Mr. Oldcastle shaking his head and declining to talk about them, even in confidence, to his own client? It's my belief that the man has left next to nothing, except the money in the business."

"I am quite certain, Sir Peter, that is not the case," said Percy, firmly.

"Then what *is* the case? For if you think that Clare's thirty thousand pounds—no, begad it's twenty, for Newton holds ten of it—will satisfy my just expectations (I mean as regards you), you're deucedly mistaken. Our agreement was that the girl was to be *bona fide* well provided for."

"But her share of the profits, sir, during the present year—"

"How dare you talk to me of her share in the profits?" broke in Sir Peter. "How dare you remind me that she is picking my pocket? Yes, sir, you are going to get your wife's dowry out of your uncle's pocket."

At the word "wife," Mildred, sitting quietly behind the tea-urn, as her custom was in these domestic commotions, set her lips together, and flashed a fiery glance at Percy.

"No doubt, sir," admitted that young gentleman, "Mr. Lyster's death was most inopportune for all parties except his own family. But it is hard that I should be held accountable for it."

"Yes, it's very hard, no doubt," sneered Sir Peter, rising, "that you should be compelled to accept—if all things go as they should do," he added, parenthetically, and as it almost seemed in spite of himself—"something like a hundred thousand pounds. But I dare say you'll contrive to bear it. What is it to you if Swaffham here has failed for I don't know how much?"

Percy might reasonably have replied that it was as hard proportionally for him as for Sir Peter, or even have suggested that Swaffham was not a man whose misfortunes would seriously affect the firm of Fibbert & Lyster; but he was too glad to get rid of his uncle on any terms to detain him by argument. He only wished he could have got rid of his cousin also.

"What is this?" said Mildred, in cold, incisive tones, when her father had left them, "about Clare's having a hundred thousand pounds?"

"It is mere moonshine, my dear. Sir Peter is too much in the habit of counting his chickens before they're hatched. Mr. Lyster's share in the business may no doubt produce a considerable profit; perhaps one-tenth of what Sir Peter chooses to put it at; but it may also produce nothing, or less than nothing. The fact is, your father is much too sanguine: in my opinion the revival in trade already shows signs of slackening, and our liabilities are something enormous."

"I don't want to hear about trade," said Mildred, fixing her eyes suspiciously on her cousin; "I want to hear about Clare."

"There is nothing to tell more than I have already told you, my dear Mildred. At present she still holds me to my word, and while she does that, you know as well as I do that I am powerless. At the same time, I am doing my best to put off the evil day. Do you suppose that it is her fault that no day has yet been named for our marriage?"

"No, indeed, I don't suppose that," said Mildred, bitterly.

"Well, it's some comfort to feel that you at least give me credit for good intentions. If I dared to do more than procrastinate, I should precipitate a catastrophe. Coldness and delay may effect our object, but should it once be guessed, it is as likely as not that Clare would come straight to your father and denounce us both. I shrink from picturing to myself what might happen to us then; the very best would be that Sir Peter would insist on my marrying the girl within the week, so as to render our hopes impossible."

"And you call that 'the very best,' do you?" exclaimed Mildred.

"My dear child," said Percy, gravely, "I have always been frank with you—duplicity is not in my nature—and I confessed that I would rather lose you than drag you with me to irretrievable ruin. That is what a quarrel between me and your father means, and—for your own dear sake—I will never risk it."

Mildred bit her lips and frowned, but Percy felt that for the time he had conquered. His victory, however, had been obtained, as it were, with a dead-lift, and the next conflict might have a less favorable result. Such struggles, indeed, were almost too much even for his iron nerve and front of brass, and had become to be intolerable.

"What did you say to her last?" inquired Mildred, with downcast eyes, her taper fingers tracing out the pattern on the tablecloth.

"To Clare? Well, I spoke of her father: the old man never liked me, you know, and I find that subject is my best protector. I talked to her of the last interview he and I had together, and affected to deplore his obstinacy. She is never very sweet upon me after a reminder of that sort."

"Hypocrite!"

The observation was uttered with such extreme sharpness and energy that for the moment Percy was taken aback. He really thought that the injurious epithet had for some inexplicable reason been applied to himself instead of Clare, for whom it was, of course, intended.

"And there are some people," continued Mildred, "who call that girl simple. In my opinion there is no such thing as a simple girl."

"They're rare, no doubt," assented Percy; "and simple women still rarer. There's one of that sort now at Oak Lodge. One of those 'honest, old-fashioned creatures,' who are in reality deeper than all the rest. A Miss Darrell."

"She was a governess, or something of that sort, was she not?" said Mildred, indifferently.

"Yes. She has taken up her old trade again, if I am not mistaken, and aspires to govern Clare. A very dangerous little old woman, in my opinion."

"Of course she endeavors to egg Clare on to intrap you."

"Just so; she never leaves a stone unturned to effect that object. Her notion is to procure a comfortable home for herself, and to rule the roost when— I mean, in case her efforts should prove unsuccessful. What a pretty ring you have got on, my darling! That's something new, is it not?"

"Yes; but I don't admire it. Mr. Farrer gave it me."

"Oh! dear me! On your engaged finger too! Now if you were in my place, here would be a fine opportunity for a scene. Confess, if Clare had given me a ring, what a row there would have been about it."

"I'll throw it in the fire," cried Mildred, pulling at the ring.

"No, you won't, darling—at least not to please me," said Percy, softly, and taking her hand in his. "It looks very pretty where it is, and I do assure you I don't mind; I understand the necessity of circumstances, and bow to it. I am not jealous."

"No, because you are so conceited," said Mildred, with pretended indignation, but secretly melted by his caressing tone. The touch of his hand had all the influence of the mesmerist. "You can not picture to yourself that you have really a rival."

"No, I can't, Mildred—at least with you," he added, dropping his voice to a whisper. "Whatever happens, I am afraid I shall never be persuaded of that."

She knew very well what he meant: that even if she married Frank Farrer, she would still hold her cousin dearer than her husband. Yet she made no attempt to reprove him, not because she admitted the fact (though she did do so), but because her literature had undermined her principles; she felt that it was naughty in Percy; but when young ladies begin to call things naughty, they soon forget that they are wrong. On the whole, indeed, such was the perversion of her mind that the young man's imprudent speech flattered *her* vanity instead of being a proof of his. As to Percy, he felt that it was a great point gained that she had received that "whatever happens" without an explosion. It led him to hope that when his marriage actually took place, Mildred would bring herself to endure it without creating a public scandal. But her manner on this occasion, not to mention that of Sir Peter, urged him to bring matters to a head at all hazards. The account he had given Mildred of his last interview with Clare was, as we are aware, anything but a correct one; indeed, it was the very reverse of correct. It was true, however, he had spoken of her father with the result with which Miss Darrell has made us acquainted. He knew that his attempt to persuade Clare that Mr. Lyster had been reconciled to their engagement had failed for the present; but he had other means of convincing her which could scarcely fail. The use of them, it was true, was a little dangerous, but disappointment and delay had made him desperate. If it had not been so, certain news which was communicated to him that morning would certainly have given him pause. As he passed by Mr. Oldcastle's window on his way through the town, the lawyer beckoned him in.

"You will be glad to hear I have got the Delver Mine Company wound up. Of course there has been a loss, but nothing to speak of, and we have got rid of all responsibility."

"That is good, indeed," cried Percy. "Yet Sir Peter told me you shook your head yesterday when he asked how affairs were getting on, and that has excited his suspicions."

"I can't help that, young gentleman," answered the lawyer, gravely. "I can hold my tongue when duty, all things considered, seems to demand my silence, but to smirk and smile when your uncle—one of my own clients too—asks questions about Mr. Lyster's investments, is not to be expected. It would be an act of hypocrisy of which he would have good reason to complain—a clear case of *suggestio falsi*. There is still that bank, you know."

"It's a very little one."

"Yes; and it has done very little business. Its liabilities, it is true, I have reason to believe are proportionally small, but such as they are, Mr. Lyster's estate is responsible for them. The other proprietors are mere men of straw."

"What a risky old fool he must have been!"

"No, it wasn't that; he was not a fool—far from it. But when one has lost money, even the wisest of us are sometimes seized with a sort of desperation to get it back again at all risks."

"To plunge?—I know it," said Percy, naïvely.

"Well, what you probably do not know, the desire is far stronger when you have lost money belonging to other people."

"You don't mean to say Lyster did that?"

"Not in a fraudulent sense: an honester man never drew breath. But he did not consider his money to be his own so much as Clare's; and what he had saved for her he had lost. If he had not had the great good luck to live into the present year, and share in the profits of your firm, he might have left his daughter almost destitute."

"But she has twenty thousand in the firm."

"In the eyes of the law she has thirty thousand."

"How's that? I thought ten thousand was Newton's."

"So it is, of course; but there is no legal document to prove it. It is quite astounding how so clever a man as Herbert Newton should have permitted things to be done so loosely. When he came of age, he seems to have handed his money over to his uncle to place in the business without so much as an acknowledgment."

"What a born idiot!"

"Well, it was at all events imprudent; you would certainly not have behaved so to *your* uncle."

Percy threw up his head and his hands, as though he would have said, "Am I a madman?"

"So if this unlimited bank should fail," continued Mr. Oldcastle, "poor Newton's money is actually liable to be swept away as though it were a portion of his uncle's estate."

"Of course he knows nothing of this himself?" observed Percy.

"Newton? He knows everything. Of course it was my duty to tell him. He took it as cool as a cucumber: one would really have supposed he had been prepared for it. That he could hardly have been, however. His uncle had left him a letter which he was to have had if Mr. Lyster had not lived to the first of January, and the contents of which I can now guess at, as Newton assuredly can; but it was, of course, never delivered. Though Clare, of course, would never let him be wronged of a penny if she could help it, Newton has positively declined for the present to have matters set right. He will see how this turns out, he says. As it happens, there is no real danger to his interests. I have taken measures to prevent any further mischief; the bank will presently be wound up, like the mine, and our total liability, if things come to the very worst, will not exceed fifteen thousand pounds. What might have happened, had I not interfered when I did, Heaven only knows. Poor Lyster certainly never knew; he was for the last months of his life, I am now persuaded, consumed with terrible apprehensions."

"Serve him right," said Percy, contentiously.

"Well, yes; it did serve him right, but he suffered enough for his folly. You now understand that expression you found upon his dying face, and why his eyes were fixed upon the clock hands. He felt that his daughter had escaped from penury, and that his nephew's money was safe. During that last five minutes he was comparatively a happy man."

"That is very satisfactory," said Percy, dryly. "But even as matters stand, it is possible, then, that poor Clare may have nothing left but her share in the business, minus fifteen thousand pounds, that is, another fifteen thousand."

"Only five thousand; ten belongs to Newton."

"To be sure; only five thousand."

"However," continued the lawyer, "matters can hardly turn out so bad as that. Moreover, she has five-sixths of his estate; but that will be but a modicum when we subtract what has been dropped in the mine."

"I see," said Percy, thoughtfully. His mind was full of anger against the dead man, and of disappointment on his own account. But his heart—or those desires which occupy that region in so many of us—was still fixed on marrying Clare. If Newton was foolish enough to leave his money unsecured, the law would give it to Clare's husband; and when once his wife, he would find arguments to persuade her to keep it.

And even if it slipped through his fingers, what was ten thousand pounds compared with her share of that bounteous year in the profits of Fibbert & Lyster? She would still be a great heiress, though her fortune would fall far short of Sir Peter's expectations. If, however, his uncle should get to know about that bank, he would certainly put that spoke in his wheel which he had often threatened to do, and forbid the marriage; and once set free of his engagement, what trouble he would have with Mildred!

Upon the whole, he decided to play his trump card—one that involved all the danger of exposing a revoke, but which, if it passed unchallenged, would win the game for him—that very day.

CHAPTER XXV.

A BOLD STEP.

PERCY'S sagacity had, as we know, led him to suspect that on the day of Mr. Lyster's death he had made some last appeal to Clare to induce her to break with him; he even believed that it was the remembrance of that final interview, more than any general sense of her father's disfavor to him, which now caused her to withhold her consent to name a day for their marriage. And yet in the teeth of this he had ventured to assert that Mr. Lyster, on a certain date, had in a private conversation with himself formally withdrawn his objections. This Clare did not believe. On the other hand, she was very far from imputing to Percy a direct falsehood. She thought it probable that her father had to her lover used much gentler terms in speaking of the matter than he had done to others, or even to herself, while Percy on his part had retailed to her what he said with a certain natural but unconscious coloring.

"I am well aware, dear Percy," she said, "that my father gave consent to our marriage; but he did so unwillingly, and because he saw that his daughter's happiness demanded it—as it does still. Oh, Percy, give me time. You do not know what a struggle it is for me; how love and duty rend my poor heart."

"There is no reason for their doing so, my darling," he had answered. "They should be both on one side. I do not pretend to say that I was a favorite with your poor father, but he confessed to me with his own lips that he had allowed his prejudices to influence him too strongly, and that in our marriage I should have his best wishes, and you his blessing."

"Then why did you never tell me so before?"

The tone was such as Clare had never used to him before, nor dreamed of using; as unmistakably incredulous as though she had said, "If this had been so, you would have certainly told me of it before."

Percy had answered, very softly: "I had hoped that such an argument would have been unnecessary; I trusted to our mutual love to find its own way with you. It is only because I find you inexorable that I bring myself to advance this plea. It is a humiliation. But I would do anything to win you."

She looked at him with yearning eyes, but which yet had some suspicion in them. Since he confessed that he would "do anything" to attain his end, perhaps he would even tell a falsehood.

"You do not believe me even now," he continued, bitterly. "I suppose I must bring you the proof."

"What proof?"

"Only of your lover's truth and honesty, which it seems you doubt. I am humiliated already—why should I not be abased?"

Clare did not reply to this, which he was far from being displeased at; nor at that time did he repeat his offer.

"It seems so strange," she said, not so much apologetically as thoughtfully; "I can not understand it." And Percy felt not only that his weapon had missed its aim, but had recoiled upon himself.

At the time, as we have said, he made no further attempt to shake Clare's convictions; but when he came to reflect, he recognized the danger of leaving things as they were. If his statement was not reiterated, she would naturally construe his silence unfavorably; she would hold him to have tried to impose upon her, and have given up the attempt as a failure. On the other hand, to reiterate the statement, and be again discredited, might be fatal.

In the mean time came Percy's interview with his uncle and Mildred, and his talk with Mr. Oldcastle, both combining to convince him that there was no time to be lost in his wooing, or rather his winning. It was a desperate case, and required a desperate remedy.

He walked to Oak Lodge that morning, instead of, as usual, taking a vehicle or riding, in order to consider the matter at leisure; and from no point of view had it an agreeable aspect. The element of risk, however, which would have dismayed most men, however audacious, weighed with him but lightly, even if it had not a certain attraction. The idea of giving Clare up, or, as I am sorry to say it presented itself to him, "of letting her go to the devil," only occurred to him to be summarily dismissed. "And if she gives me up," he grimly soliloquized, "it will not be my fault"—concerning which observation, however, perhaps one may venture to say that there were two opinions.

He found Clare looking graver and sadder than usual, of which his sagacity failed to explain the reason. He flattered himself, especially as she also looked kind and pitiful, that she repented of her incredulity, whereas she was sorrowing for his own fault, for which she had, nevertheless, forgiven him.

"I hope, my darling," said he, as he pressed her to his breast, "that you have been thinking differently of me in my absence than you thought, or seemed to think, of me when we spoke together yesterday."

"Do not let us talk of that, I beg of you," sighed Clare.

"I do not wish to do so," he answered, gently. "I only want the assurance that you do not longer deem me capable of a deception."

"None of us are incapable of deceiving ourselves, Percy," was the grave reply.

"If you mean that my version of your father's words was an incorrect one," he said, "or even colored by my own wishes, I must be allowed to deny it. I can not submit to such an imputation."

She sighed again, and gazed through the window on the gravel-path on which her father used to be wheeled in his chair to enjoy the wintry sunshine. Her face and her silence convinced him that he had lost ground with her, and it had so become necessary to gain ground. The moment had arrived for his *coup d'état*.

"I am not accustomed, my dear Clare," he said, with gentle gravity, "to find my word called in question by anybody, and from you least of all did I anticipate such a thing. When I said that such and such was the case—even if it was an unlikely thing—I had hoped that that would have been sufficient for you. Even now I can not but think it would have been so but for evil counsel and detraction. Nay, hear me out"—for she had moved her head in the negative, and seemed about to speak. "Whether this is so or not, it seems your lover's word of honor requires some corroboration. I had hoped that would have been unnecessary, but it shall have it. Your poor father, it seems, knew you better than I did. On the day after my interview with him he wrote me a letter, with the object, as I now believe, of its being shown to you in case of necessity (such as has now arisen), reiterating what he had expressed to me with his own lips. Is it still necessary that you should see it?"

"A letter!" she said, eagerly, and taking no notice of this last inquiry. "A letter in his own hand?"

"Certainly. What use," he added, bitterly, "would a message from him have been? You would only have said that I invented it, or suborned the messenger."

"Percy! Percy!"

"I am sorry to wound you, Clare; but you must remember how you have wounded *me*. Here is the letter; you recognize the handwriting, I suppose. You do not suspect me of forgery?"

She took the letter, sobbing bitterly, and kissed it. It must have been the last letter, she reflected, her father had ever written; the words were formed a little irregularly, as with a weak and failing hand, but were quite legible, and in his well-known hand.

"DEAR PERCY,—I have nothing more to say than I said to you yesterday morning. But something prompts me to reiterate it. It may be a satisfaction to you—and to another—to have my approval of your marriage, for my consent has already been given under my own hand. I have had, it is true, certain prejudices to surmount, but now they no longer exist; that is, they do not do so to-day. As I grow weaker (for I am a dying man) they may recur. I take this opportunity, therefore, while it is yet afforded me, to accept you unreservedly as a son-in-law. I bequeath my darling daughter to your tender keeping; I charge you to love and honor her, and in all matters of advice and guardianship to fill my place. Whatever ill I may have imputed to you, I have never accused you of covetousness. I believe you love my darling for her own sake. Whether my failing strength will carry me into the next year or not—upon which hang such important consequences to her as regards fortune—will, I feel, make no difference in your intentions toward her. She will be yours in any case. That she will have my blessing she is well convinced, and be assured that it will also attend your union with her. I enjoin you to look after Gerald. When Herbert goes abroad, there will be no one but yourself to exercise any influence over him, and he will need a firm hand. As to Clare, should my partnership continue, I know her interests will be well attended to. I never impugned your business capacities, Percy, and I now hereby withdraw my objections to you in all other respects. Yours, faithfully,

"JOHN LYSTER."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TABULA RASA.

TIME SPEAKS.

HIST, mortals! I am Time:
In every clime
Ye know me by the scythe I bear,
Ye know me by the front I wear.
Since man first set his foot upon this earth,
Lo! I have marked each puny birth;
And I have doled the sum of passing years
In patience and in tears
Such as an old man weeps
When he his lone watch keeps
O'er what, perchance, had better not have been,
So full it seems of want and woe and sin.

The gift of years is mine:
Ambassador divine,
I hold for you my subtle glass;
I give each year, and watch it pass.
Oh, that ye knew their sweet and priceless worth,
These years of heavenly birth!
Oh, that ye might receive them thus! But no,
Weakly ye let them go,
Madly you soil the page,
In every hour and age,
Until I fain would cry for Justice' sword,
And spread the wrath of an offended Lord.

Once more the hour is here!
Another year
Is slipping through my trembling hands,
That fain would stay the fluttering sands,
Save that I know its worth to you who live,
The boon that Mercy deigns to give.
I beg you now to hear Time's patient prayer:
Behold the scroll is white,
Thereon inscribe such deeds
That when the old man reads,
His voice may cry at last, "Let vengeance cease;
Their hearts are turned to Joy and Love and Peace."

A VETERAN DOOR-KEEPER.

ON page 5 our readers will find the portrait of Captain ISAAC BASSETT, who has been attached to the United States Senate-Chamber, as page and door-keeper, for fifty years. A short time ago Mr. DAVIS, President *pro tem.*, just before the adjournment of the Senate, made the following cordial reference to Captain BASSETT'S story:

"Senators: you will pardon me for going outside the rules in calling attention to the fact that the 5th of December, the day on which Congress convened, was the fiftieth anniversary of the day when ISAAC BASSETT, the much-esteemed door-keeper of the Senate, became connected with this body. Half a century ago he entered his office as a page, through the influence of DANIEL WEBSTER. In all the mutations of parties, no attempt was ever made to disturb him. Surely no higher tribute could be paid to his fidelity and to his integrity than that he has been so long and so satisfactorily identified with the history of the Senate. I am sure the sentiment of all sides is cordially expressed when I wish him health and happiness in the name of the Senate of the United States."

Captain BASSETT enjoys the esteem and confidence of all who know him, and his conduct as door-keeper has been in all respects satisfactory to the Senate.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

WRITING about the rooms of the Harvard University students, a correspondent says that Japanese designs are very popular, and oblong plaques of golden storks ornament many of the walls; but, the writer adds, "there is a wholesome avoidance of æsthetic affectation."

The charge is made by a lawyer in Montgomery, Alabama, that convicts in the county jail are held in involuntary servitude, in many cases long after the terms for which they were sentenced have expired, by the contractors who employ convict labor. It is said that there is no county officer whose duty it is to look into this matter, and it is to be made a subject of Legislative investigation.

A dispatch sent from Louisville, Kentucky, on Christmas night said that within the previous twenty-four hours there had been five murders, two fatal accidents, two suicides, one attempted suicide, and three free fights attended by serious results, in that region, and added, cheerfully, "The people are still celebrating Christmas."

A correspondent in Washington tells of a delegation of politicians who occupied an hour of a former President's time with their talk about appointing to office a man who accompanied them, and who sneaked back without their man, later in the day, to tell the President that they did not think the man was fit to have the office, but that they had to pretend to aid him because he had influence among their "constitooents."

Usually it is some misfortune to the wife or one of the children that awakens the drunkard to he realization of the life he is living, and makes him become the hero of a temperance tract; but it was different a few days ago in New Jersey. A man in Burlington County was suffocated to death while asleep on the edge of a limekiln, and when the news came to his wife and daughters in the county jail, they pledged themselves never to drink another drop of liquor.

Trying to guess the number of beans in a glass jar is a new and already a favorite game in Boston. It is believed that the popularity of the game is due to the fact that it does not injure the beans for baking.

A scientific Englishman says that flies have a language; but there are no evidences that the golden rule has ever been translated into it.

Emboldened by the fact that the law in its majesty has kept the mob at a distance from Guiteau, Dion Boucicault confesses that he was the first to suggest to Oscar Wilde the idea of lecturing in this country.

Less than a year ago the Australians were complaining of the influx of Chinese. Lord Augustus Loftus, Governor of New South Wales, in closing Parliament recently, said that the law restricting Chinese immigration had "attained its object without injustice to the Chinese residents, and without prejudice to the commercial interests of the colony." He did not say that the hoodlums were satisfied, and so it can not be conjectured whether that law would meet the approval of the anti-Chinese element in the United States.

Within the bounds of the Presbyterian Synod of Kansas the Gospel is preached by its members in English, German, French, Bohemian, Welsh, Cherokee, Choctaw, and Nez Percé, and it is known as the "Polyglot Synod."

Now that the Ladies' Land League has a representative imprisoned by the British government, it would seem that no condition requisite to make their enthusiasm equal to that of their brothers in the work is wanting. Miss Reynolds, of the Ladies' Land League in Castletown, when arraigned on the charge of abetting a conspiracy to prevent the payment of rent, refused to give bail to keep the peace for six months, and went to jail for thirty days.

An advertisement for a lost king is not often seen in the newspapers; but such an "ad" has recently been printed gratuitously in nearly every daily paper in the world. It sets forth that King Louis of Bavaria has disappeared from Hohenschwangen, and closes with the announcement that "any information as to the whereabouts of the eccentric monarch will be gratefully received by his sorrowing courtiers."

A country postmaster, who evidently intends to be sure he's right before he goes ahead, has written to the Postmaster-General as follows: "A man's wife dropped a letter in this office addressed to another man. The husband suspects something wrong. Shall I deliver the letter to him?" The reply was, substantially, that the husband must grin and bear it.

When the Caloosahatchie and the Okeechobee shall have been drained into the Kickpochee—a Florida enterprise that is now in progress—the man who sets out to tell what has been done will need a limber tongue.

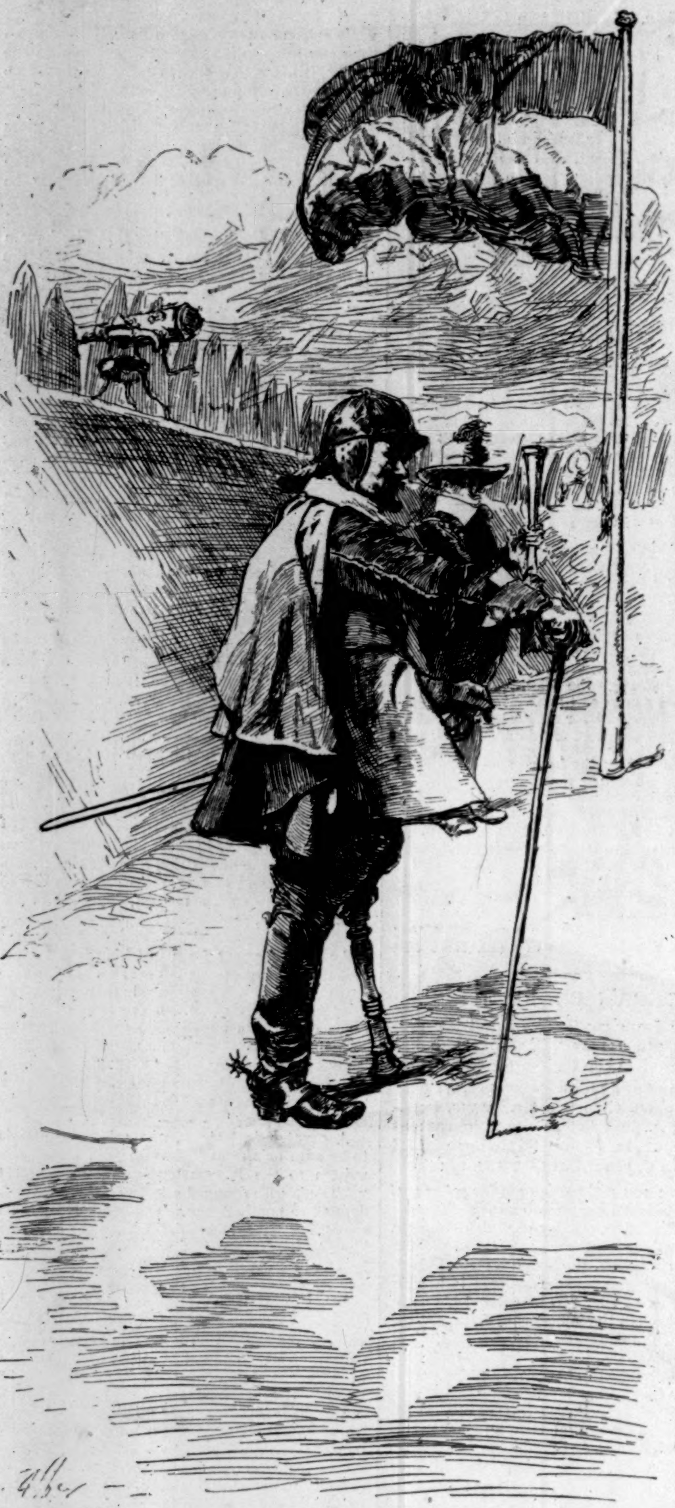
Somebody in Texas takes up his pen in defense of the cow-boys. "They are no more robbers," he writes, "than Kentucky hog-drovers, Tennessee mule-drovers, or drivers of New York milk carts." Concerning his first and second comparisons little is known in this latitude, but his third is not calculated to convince the metropolitan public of the sincerity of his championship.

The Executive officers of a Western State have secured the autographs of nearly all the Governors in the Union, with the view of preventing the successful forgery of requisition papers and similar documents. A writer says of the collection, "It shows beyond question that the royal road, if there is one, to the Executive chair, is not constituted by any peculiar style of penmanship."

A man in this city claims to be more widely distributed than any other person in the metropolis. He left a leg in Quebec, he says, an arm in Liverpool, two fingers in Glasgow, an ear in Australia, two toes in the Chesapeake Bay, and his scalp in Colorado. The wonder is how such a remnant of a man can be the source of such a "whopper."

The new Governor-General in Western Siberia will be General Tschernajeff. Persons who have occasion to use his name in the rapid colloquy of the sewing circle will avail themselves of the doubtless allowable abbreviation "Jeff."

It is interesting to note how circumstances sometimes aid the foolish in developing the fruits of their folly. To make his home merry on Christmas-eve, an Indiana man corked up a pound of gunpowder in three ale bottles, put a fuse in each bottle, and tried to fire them off in the yard. They did not explode as soon as he had anticipated, and he carried them in-doors, and set them on the table around which his wife and infant and another child were sitting. Then he removed the lamp chimney, and held a fire-cracker in the flame. From this stage of the entertainment the procession of events was naturally rapid. It is conjectured that the flying glass from the ale bottles was more effective than either the burning oil or the disfiguring powder. Two of the four injured persons are probably fatally hurt. It is believed that the man will soon be sufficiently recovered to make other experiments.



"HARDKOPPIG PETER."

NEW AMSTERDAM, 1655.

I.—The Marketfield.

Gable fronting to the street,
Decked with honeysuckles sweet,
Great wide porch with ample seat.

Schout Van Kortlandt, sleek and fat,
Double chin and wide-brimmed hat,
Long-stemmed pipe and buckles flat.

Vrouw with pockets gaping wide,
Neck with spotless kerchief tied,
Keys and scissors at her side.

On the vine-clad window-seat
Sat Katrina, trim and neat,
Little kitten at her feet;

Cheeks like roses all aglow,
Bosom whiter than the snow,
Cap of quilted calico.

Clad in velvet garments brown,
Broad-brimmed hat with steeple crown,
Marched Van Velder through the town,

Swaggering, jolly, hat awry,
Merry twinkle in his eye,
All the beauties to espy.

Dirck Van Borssum, at his side,
Stalked along with martial stride,
Taciturn and dignified;

High buff boots of Spanish leather,
Tall white hat with crimson feather,
Fastened by gold clasp together;

Cloak of azure thrown around,
Neck with scarf of orange bound—
Finer gallant never found.

II.—The Bowling-Green.

To the Bowling-Green they hie;
Leafy tree their canopy;
Bright the cool October sky.

Wooden benches placed around;
Trees with brilliant ribbons bound;
Throngs of people fill the ground.

Good-wives with their braided locks,
High-heeled shoes and snowy frocks,
Stockings blue with crimson clocks.

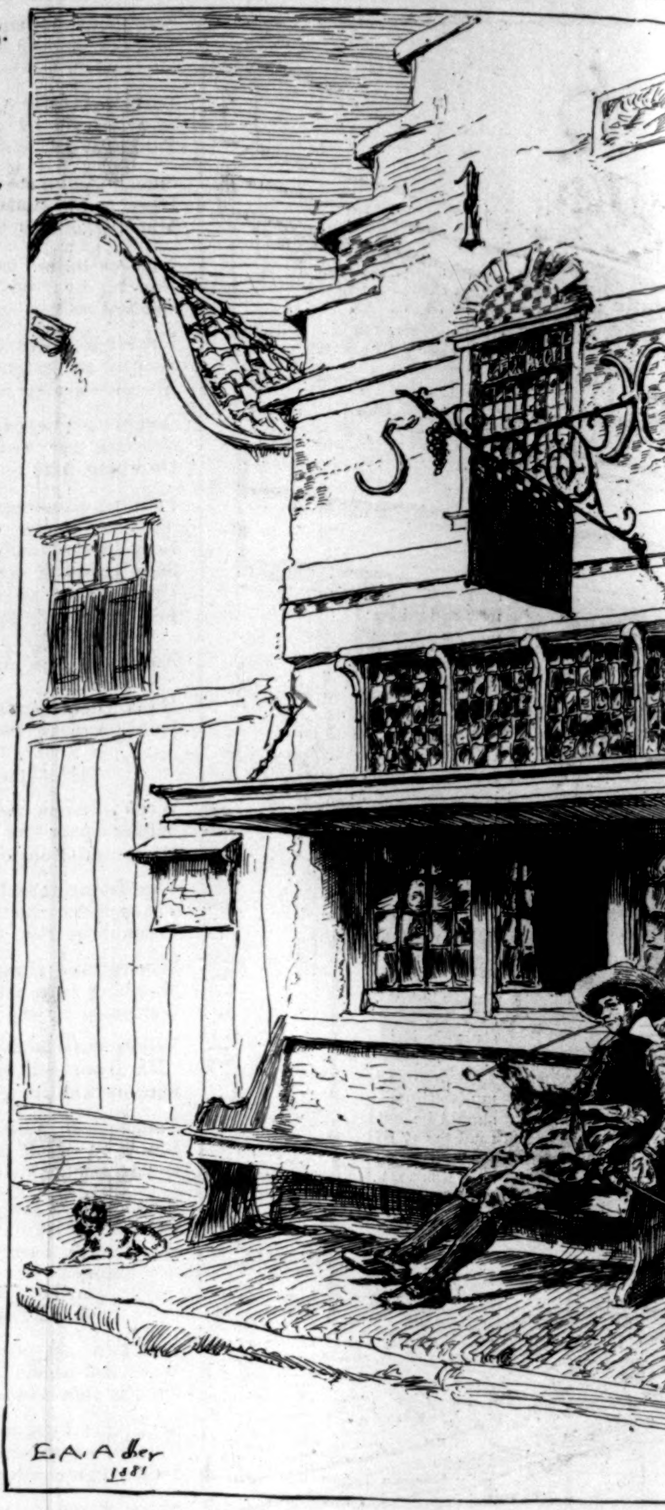
Katrina robed in bodice blue,
Embroidered cloak of scarlet hue,
Glossy satin, bright and new;

Stockings of a dazzling white,
Feet a fairy envy might,
Shoes with silver buckles bright,

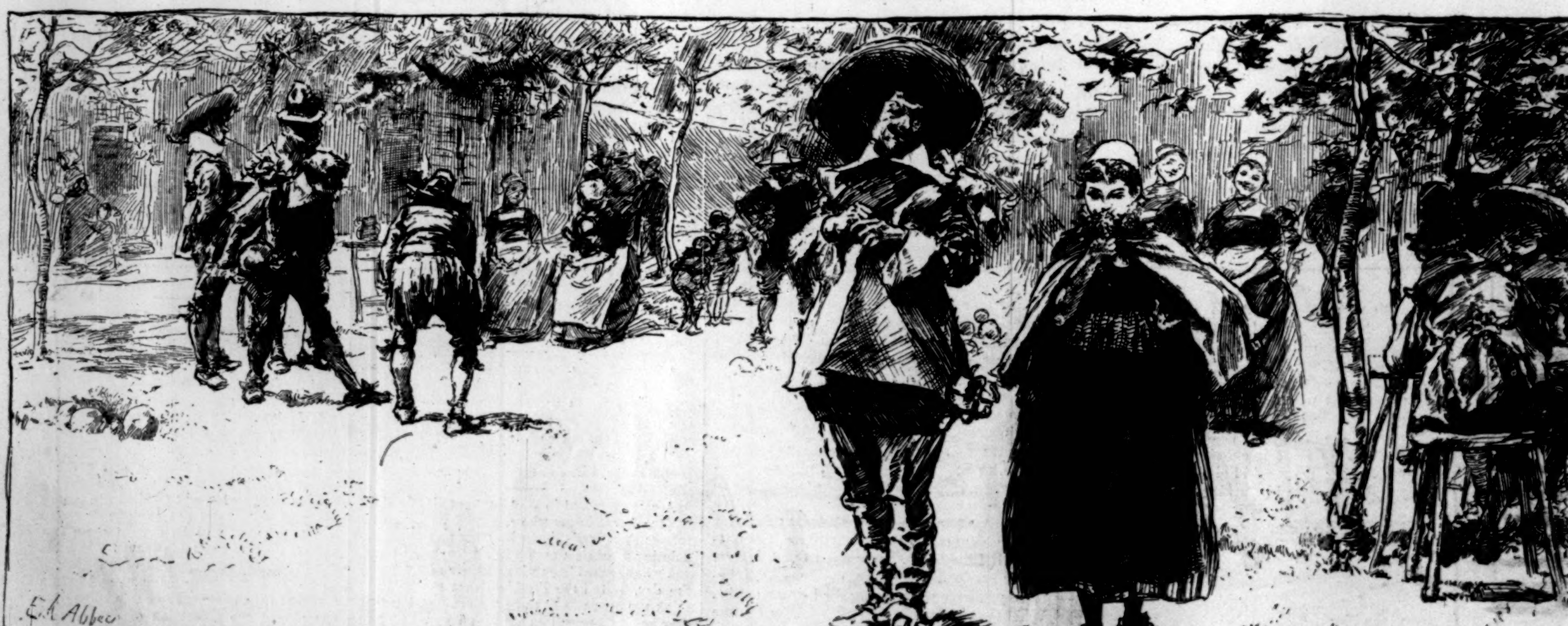
Petticoats of monstrous size;
Volleys from her quick black eyes—
Fair young Vrouwlein, what a prize!

Van Borssum smiling by her side,
Full of passion and of pride,
Thoughtful of none else beside.

Dominie in rusty black;
Silken skull-cap tight drawn back,
Cassock fitting like a sack;

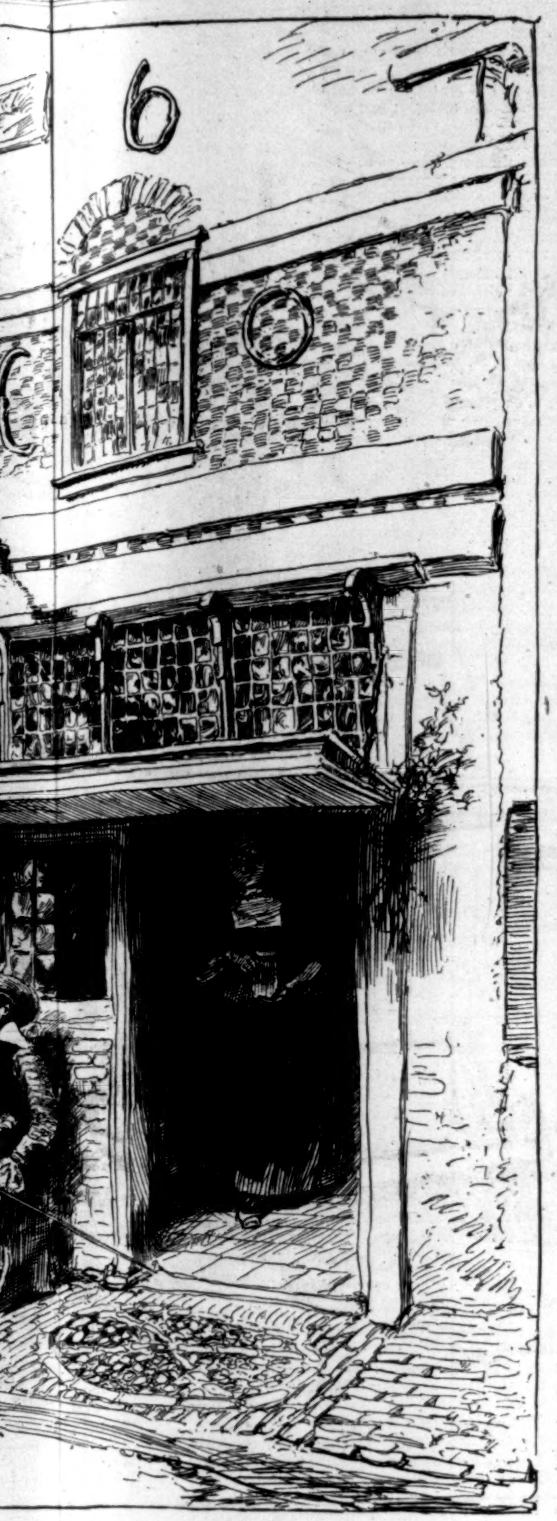


THE TAVERN.



THE BOWLING-GREEN.

NEW AMSTERDAM.—Il



ERN.

Worldly thoughts would oft arise
In head upturnèd to the skies;
Half observant were his eyes.

School-master with pompous air,
Bushy beard the boys to scare,
Wielder of the rod, was there.

Mynheer full of gin and joy,
Buying cup and painted toy,
Presents for his chubby boy.

Scheppens sipping mugs of ale;
Jugglers offering charms for sale;
Urchins riding on a rail.

Bowlers knocking down the pins;
Boys bewildered rubbing shins;
Faces covered o'er with grins.

Smoking all—the Dutchman's forte—
Pipes of all kinds, long and short,
Manufactured in old Dort.

Negroes from Communipaw,
Dancing long the hipsey saw,
Greeted with a loud huzza.

Fiddler mounted on a cask,
Scrapes the catgut quick and fast:
All are dancing now at last.

Burghers, Scheppens, Vrouwleins, boys,
Shouting with discordant noise,
Drowning tune and fiddler's voice.

Fiddling, drinking, smoking, dancing,
Shouting, feasting, courting, prancing,
Rosy cheeks and bright-eyes glancing!
Such sights of yore were to be seen
Upon the sward at Bowling-Green;
For there old Holland's sons once flourished,
And there New Amsterdam was nourished;
Hans, Olof, Hendrick, Wilhelmina,
Dirck, Anneke, Petrus, and Katrina.

III.—THE PARADE.

Walls of brick with cannon crowned;
Sentries pace the ramparts round;
Drum and trumpet's notes resound.

Thundering guns boom loud and clear
Through the startled atmosphere;
Triumph at Fort Casimer.[1]

Dutch grand army, ninety strong,
Marching from the fort along,
Welcomed by the shouting throng.

Yellow coats and breeches red,
"Hardkoppig Peter" at their head—
Patriots who for country bled.

Yankee lean, with curious stare;
Blue-eyed Swede from Delaware;
Indian lank, with straight black hair,

Wondering at the strength and power
Of Amsterdam in danger's hour,
When war's dark battle-cloud should lower.

IV.—THE TAVERN.

Structure vast of yellow brick;
Walls and beams both wide and thick;
On the sign-board swung Saint Nick.

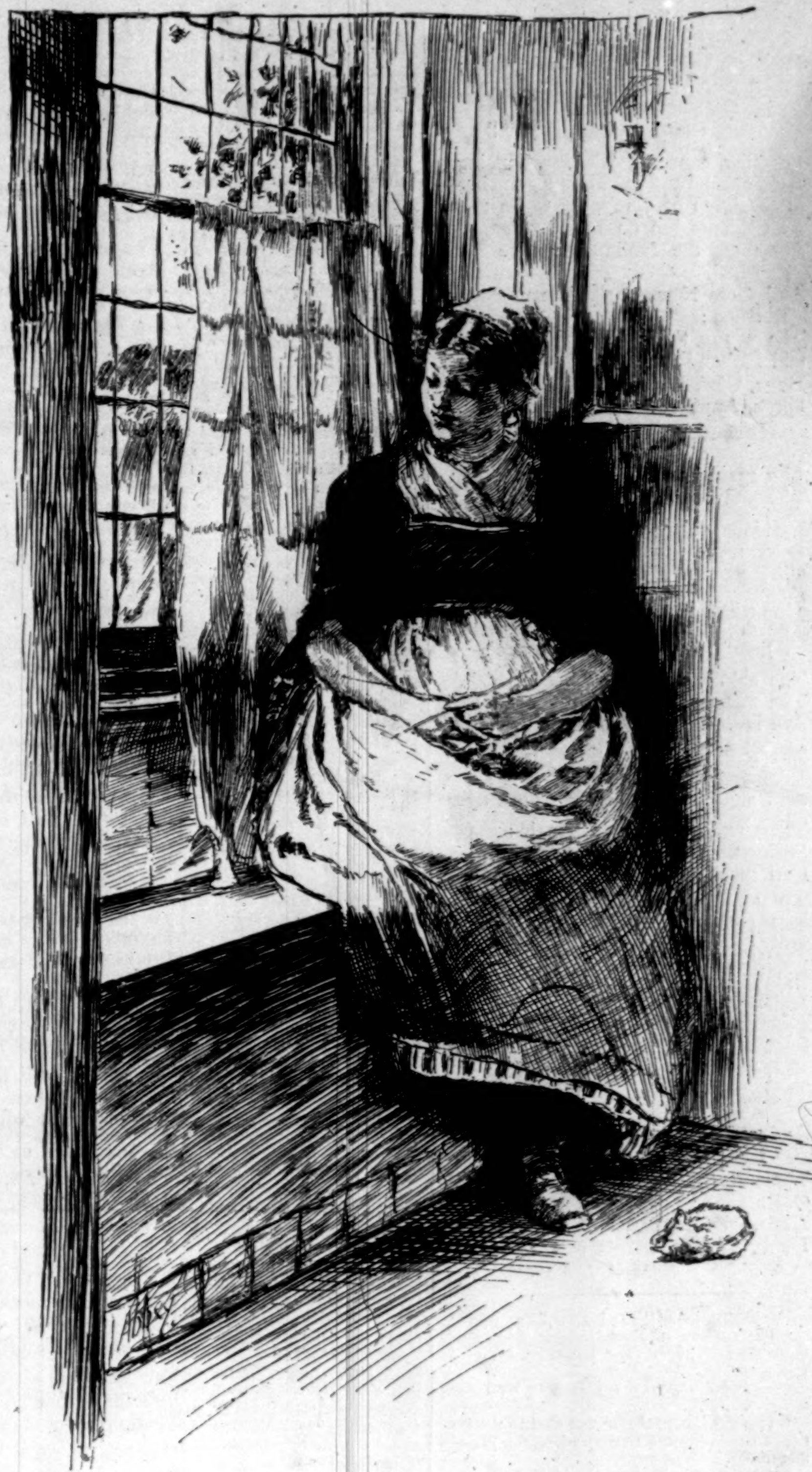
M. Crigier kept tavern there,
Captain on the Delaware,
Indian fighter everywhere.[2]

Short of stature, broad and stout,
Foot afflicted with the gout,
Circumference two yards about.

In a belted jerkin dressed,
Silver medal on his breast,
Of the bravest—first and est.

Mighty tavern of the Dutch!
Not to strain the truth too much,
Ne'er before had there been such.

1650 on its side;
Chimneys huge, where spooks might hide;
Evergreens to doorway tied.



KATRINA.

Pewter mugs and sanded floors;
Wainscot fitted with cupboard doors;
Endless flagons, jars by scores.

Monstrous doors, and windows small.
There, within the oaken hall,
Revellers held carnival.

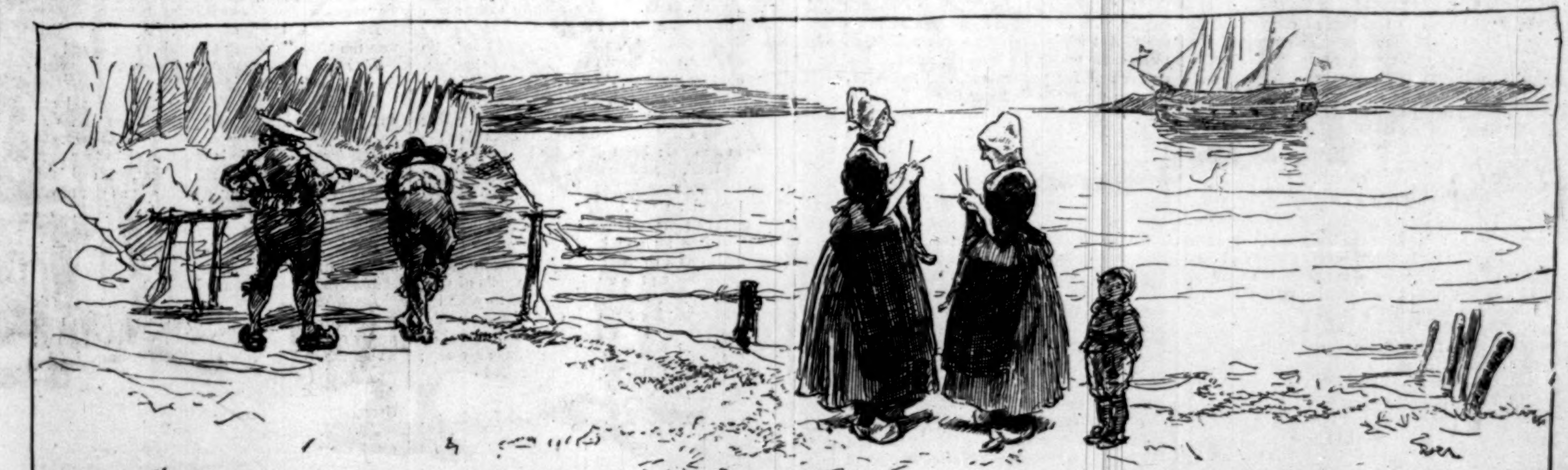
V.—THE DINNER.

Twelve meridian, by the clocks;
Open all the cupboard locks,
Chest and barrel, jar and box.

Tables with Delft-ware set out;
Foaming beer from barrels spout;
Olykocks and sauerkrout.

Custards, waffles, apple-pie,
Mush and milk, and bread of rye;
Wine, like crystal to the eye.

Crispy cabbage, sausage, ham,
Pot-cheese, roast pig, and apple jam,
And glass of glorious Schiedam.



THE BATTERY.

—ILLUSTRATED BY E. A. ABBEY.

Merry lasses,
Jingling glasses,
Freedom from all form and pomp;
Ladies laughing,
Gallants quaffing,
Shouting, Glory to Van Tromp![3]

Feasting, courting, drinking, dancing,
Rosy cheeks and bright eyes glancing—
Such sights of yore were to be seen
At Crigier's inn on Bowling-Green,
For there the Hollanders once flourished,
And there New Amsterdam was nourished;
The young, the gay, the happy ones,
Old Holland's daughters and her sons,
Hans, Olof, Hendrick, Wilhelmina,
Dirck, Anneke, Petrus, and Katrina.

VI.

The grave-yard tells a simple story:
The end of all their hopes and glory.

Fashions, customs, language, all,
Laws, money, trade, and festival,
Covered with a midnight pall.

Silent now the impassioned strain,
The dulcet vows of love-sick swain,
In lilac groves at Maiden Lane!

The soldier's sword at battle's call,
The statesman's voice in council hall,
Are still—oblivion covers all.

The rosy mornings still arise,
Unchanged the mid-day's sun-lit skies,
And sunsets with their gorgeous dyes.

Trees and grass alone remain:
Spring-time and the gentle rain
Call them back to life again.

All the rest have passed away,
Faded from the light of day,
Vanished from the sight for aye.

Fiddling, drinking, shouting, prancing,
Feasting, smoking, courting, dancing,
Rosy cheeks and bright eyes glancing—
Such sights no more are to be seen
Beneath the trees at Bowling-Green,
There where the Hollanders once flourished,
And where New Amsterdam was nourished;
The fair, the brave, departed ones,
Old Holland's daughters and her sons,
Hans, Olof, Hendrick, Wilhelmina,
Dirck, Anneke, Petrus, and Katrina.[4]

CHARLES G. GRAY.

For illustration of "The Dinner," see page 13.

[1] The capture of Fort Casimer took place September 25, 1655. The expedition against it was under Governor Petrus Stuyvesant. The event caused universal rejoicing in New Amsterdam.

[2] This celebrated tavern was next to the corner of Broadway and Battery Place, the present site of No. 3 Broadway.

[3] Admiral Van Tromp, the idol of the Hollanders, was killed July 21, 1653, in a fight, off the Texel, with the English under Monk.

[4] I am indebted for a few of the ideas contained in the above to a pamphlet by Joseph W. Moulton, published in 1843, entitled *New York 170 Years Ago.*

LETTY'S NEW-YEAR.

"MANY a year was in its grave" since everybody in Newton had predicted that Letty Soyer would marry young Bretton, and it seemed as if everybody had been mistaken. Letty was still unmarried, and no one in Newton had seen Ambroise Bretton for full fifteen years at least, when he came back one day, bought the old Squire Henderson place, fitted it up like a palace, the neighbors said, and sat down in his studio. Everybody was glad to see him, of course; made much of him; told him he hadn't changed a hair, which was not quite true, as he was already slightly bald; and as soon as the dowagers found out that there was no Mrs. Bretton in existence, they took him in hand, invited him to high teas and kettledrums, sat for their portraits, begged him to sketch the view from their lawns, hinted that his house only needed the presence of a mistress to make it heaven itself. Letty had long ago stepped aside, as befitted a maiden lady of thirty-five, and other damsels reigned in her stead. Nobody chose to remember the little affair between her and young Bretton any longer; they had forgotten to regard her as a marriageable woman. Was she not preceptress of the Young Ladies' Seminary, and absorbed in French verbs and mathematics, to the exclusion of love-making and sentimentality? Letty wondered if Bretton had forgotten about it as well as the rest of the world; but all the same it was very fresh and real to her, as if it had happened yesterday, as if she still had the bloom on her cheek and the light in her eyes of fifteen years ago. She had never since known such summers as those which he had spent in Newton. Winter had never scintillated with such beauty since they had shared it together; never since had spring blossomed so graciously, nor autumn spread such carpets for their wandering feet, or hung such illuminated scrolls on bough or hedge. She remembered the first day she had seen him, when she had moored her boat at the Half-tide Rocks, in order to gather some sea-moss growing in a cranny of the rocks, which the tide had bared, and her boat had slipped away and left her stranded alone, with the relentless tide coming in. She had sat down and waited; there was not a boat out on the wide river except one sail far down, and fading in distance like a ghost; but young Bretton, out sketching on the river-bank, had borrowed a wherry at last, and gone out to her rescue. The tide was lashing her feet as he drew near. "I saved your life," he said one day, months later; "most people expect a reward for such services." Letty used to row out to the Half-tide Rocks even now once in a while, laughing at herself for her folly. "There's no fool like an old fool," she would say.

At that time people in Newton used to say that Bretton was a dilettante sort of fellow, making a plaything of art, but Letty had believed in him. Now that his pictures had been received at the *Salons*, they believed too; but hers had been the insight of love. He had taught her to see more in a blade of grass than some perhaps could discern in the whole vegetable kingdom. He had opened her eyes to the beauty of the world. They had read the same books together, loved the same poets, worshipped at the same shrines. She had had a bevy of friends about her in those days, who sometimes joined them in their outgoings and incomings, friends who were married now, with homes and children of their own, who had resolved the poetry of courtship into the prose of domestic life, who had a dread of the night dew now, unknown in those halcyon days, and no longer affected the moonlight and sentiment. How many summers had they lived together upon this gracious river, tossing on its tide, by starlight or sunset, caught in its fogs, becalmed on its bar? Bretton must have made no end of sketches; she wondered if he ever looked at them now, if the sight of one of them gave him the wonderful thrill and pang which she had experienced coming suddenly upon some he had given her? She had burned them all in that moment of desperation and longing. She recalled the summer when he had pitched his tent on the shore not a mile away, and she had listened nightly to "hear his boat's keel graze the land," and he had loitered into the moon-lighted garden where she waited, startling a swarm of fire-flies from the syringa bush at the gate. Sometimes he had entertained a party of gay young people at his camp, and they had sat around the dying fire on chilly nights, and told ghost stories and sang catches. And then he had rowed her home alone across the darkling river, with the white fog creeping up and hiding shore and rock. Sometimes, on dull afternoons, when the east wind threatened storm, they would float up the river, with a brace of friends, and shoot under the arches of the bridge into the reedy little arm of the stream, which led to the old Bretton homestead, built on the hill-side, but long left vacant, with its quaint furnishing, its odd landscape papering, its latticed windows stained in gold and crimson, its old portraits smiling or frowning from the walls behind a veil of spider's web, its garden overgrown with all old-fashioned spicy flowers, its vines hanging dishevelled from the piazza eaves. All the poetry of a deserted home hung about the old nest, which rang with song and laugh, while they piled the brush-wood behind the brass fender, and sat in the blaze, reading chapters of the last novel aloud by turns. And when the wild storms of winter swooped down and wrapped the land in dazzling white, what jangling of bells broke the solitude of the winter woods! Though it was fifteen years ago, the sound of a sleigh-bell always made her heart beat double, and brought back a vision of dim forest aisles, where snow-flakes fluttered down like ghostly leaves from the naked boughs, where the chickadee made tender music.

Why had Bretton returned to Newton, when the world was so wide? she asked herself. The old Bretton homestead had been sold years ago, and remodelled. In those early days Letty had lived with her old uncle, and it was believed that she would one day inherit all his domain: the house with its broad verandas overhanging the river-bank; the great pine wood with its lofty shadows and its velvet carpet of pine-needles; and the great bowlder over which she had just been saved from falling on one occasion by Bretton suddenly catching her in his strong arm, and holding her there as though he could not make sure that the danger was past; the broad moon-lighted garden, with its scent of honeysuckle and mignonette. But when the estate was settled, the old place came under the hammer, and Letty opened her school for young ladies. Bretton had left Newton when the civil war was in its childhood; he had thought it right to put away his pencil and easel and join the army. Letty had his love-letters yet, those he had written in the first year of his absence. Were they love-letters? she had wondered since. Brilliant, tender, genial, anxious letters, but did they once say, "I love you?" But such as they were, she had been more than satisfied with them at the time, and one day they had ceased, and a silence as painful as death's had fallen about her. Only through the columns of the dailies had she gathered later that Colonel Bretton led the forlorn hope in such a place—was she not leading the forlornest of forlorn hopes at Newton?—that Colonel Bretton was in hospital at Washington, wounded for the second time (she had never heard of the first); that he had gone abroad for health. And here he was again. But they no longer sat together in the moon-lighted garden, nor swung on the river's indolent tide. It gave her a strange sense of desolation to overhear her young ladies, who digested their lessons with difficulty, whispering together about Colonel Bretton. "I am going to sit to him," giggled one rose-bud; "don't you envy me?" Letty remembered when she had sat to him, and how slowly the picture grew. To-day they met, here and there, at the houses of her pupils, on the neutral ground of a neighbor's lawn; he neither avoided nor courted her society; they talked about commonplaces if they happened to be stranded together; he gave her his arm to the supper-room on occasions.

"Miss Soyer," asked one of her pupils, in a moment of confidence, "was Colonel Bretton ever in love with anybody?"

"Colonel Bretton! How should I know? It is of no consequence to you and me, Miss Helen."

"Oh, I should like to know about it," she pursued. "You see, mamma was talking over Mrs. Dunn's dinner party— And there, I *must* tell you your compliment. Do you like compliments, Miss Soyer?" But without waiting to know: "They said you looked like a flower in your lavender silk; and mamma went on to say, 'I wonder if that old love affair of Colonel Bretton's will ever burst into a flame again.' And I asked, 'What old love affair?' And they found I was listening, and they laughed, and said, 'Nonsense.' But I *should* like to know; it's *so* romantic. I wish I dare ask *him*."

"Miss Helen! You never would! It would—it would be unpardonable."

But the little minx took the first occasion to satisfy her curiosity. She was posing for him as Maud Muller.

"Now look as if you saw the Judge, Miss Helen," he said.

"If I had ever been in love," she began, "I should know the proper expression. But *you*—you can tell me; you've been in love, Colonel Bretton."

Colonel Bretton dropped his brush. "You seem to know all about it," he said.

"No, I don't. I just heard a whisper, and I asked Miss Soyer about it."

"Miss Soyer!"

"Yes; she's always lived here, you know, and I thought she might have heard."

"And what did Miss Soyer say?"

"She said, 'It is of no consequence to you or me, Miss Helen.' I felt snubbed."

One day Miss Soyer felt stifled in the school-room; all the pupils were taking their pleasure; the lawn was too damp for walking; she got out her boat, and pulled for the Half-tide Rocks. When nearly there, she observed that some one was before her. It was Colonel Bretton. She turned her boat about, and rowed back to shore. Why was he there? Thus a year went by. Colonel Bretton and Letty met almost daily, passed a word of greeting, conversed about the affairs of to-day, exchanged opinions and sentiments as if they were merely friends of a year's acquaintance. Once only did he ever refer to the past, when he came upon her standing in the grass, pulling a daisy into pieces.

"The same old story?" he asked. "'He loves me, he loves me not.' Have you never found out?"

"I wasn't trying any charm," she said. "I leave that to my pupils."

The young ladies and teachers of Miss Soyer's establishment had gone home at last for the Christmas vacation, even little Miss Gregory had somebody glad to see her, and a lover to welcome her. Letty wondered how it seemed, as she sat alone in the great deserted house, and heard the ice cracking in the river and swooping down with an awful voice of thunder, and the wind sighing through the great pines. If she and Bretton had married years ago, how different it would all have been! But here she sat alone, with gray lines in her brown hair, and yonder on the hill he sat alone too, smoking his pipe, while there was jollity and happiness at other firesides.

"A letter, ma'am," said Betty, at the door.

Miss Soyer had no letters nowadays except business ones. She took it carelessly—a heavy letter in a strange script: some new scholar for the next year. She laid it down, and pursued her sad thoughts till Betty brought in the tea and lights, and reminded her:

"Laws, Miss Letty, you ain't read your letter yet! Some folks set their eye-teeth by letters."

Letty looked at the missive again, and broke the seal without a shadow of curiosity.

"DEAR MISS SOYER" (it began),—"I wonder if you are alive, or a ghost, or if you've married somebody else, or if you and Ambroise Bretton made it up after all, or if he was killed in the cruel war. It is all so funny—I mean so queer, so romantic, you know. I took the liberty of reading your letter. Papa was in the Confederate army: you would call him a rebel, I suppose. But the war was—let me see—oh, ages ago, wasn't it? So we needn't quarrel about that. I was a baby then. How old you must be, my dear Miss Soyer, if you should happen to be alive! I wonder if you are pretty. Lu says you've brown eyes and curling lashes, and a little color on your cheeks like the color in an opal; but I don't see how she should know. Well, the other day I was rummaging in the attic—we were going to have theatricals—and I unearthed an old leather bag full of letters. The mice had gnawed them; some were in tatters. What a time Lu and I had overhauling them! Lu said it was a United States mail-bag we rebels had seized during the war—it was spoils of war, don't you know; and then we came to your letter, and I said, 'Let's send it to her,' and Lu said, 'No, she's married "another," and it'll make him cross and her sorry.' But I *would* have my way; so if it's all right, please return thanks to

"AMY WOOD,
Woburn, Virginia.

"P.S.—I'm engaged to be married myself, and I knew you would want it, whether or no. Lu isn't."

Letty opened the inclosure slowly; the paper was yellow, the ink faded; but she could read, as if written in characters of light, that on Christmas-day, fifteen years before, Ambroise Bretton had said he loved her! "I have been wounded, and the surgeons send me to Washington to be treated in the hospital," he wrote. "I leave to-night. Meet me there, my darling, and if I live long enough, and you consent, on New-Year's Day our wedding bells shall ring. I can not live or die without you; we will begin the year together, though I leave you to finish it alone."

Fifteen years ago he had called for her, and she had not replied—and his life hanging by a thread! What had he thought of such love and devotion? What must he think of her to-day, and always? Should she consent to such a false estimate of herself? Alive, and living side by side, the chances of war had estranged them almost as effectually as if that wound of his had proved fatal. Would it seem like begging for his love if she should tell him the truth now? No doubt he had outlived it. She sat lost in thought, where the letter had found her. The fire went out in the grate, the candle burned down, the stars came up and looked in at the windows, the late moon rose and flooded the parlor with soft light, and the Christmas bells answered each other from steeple to steeple in antiphonal chime. Come what would, she would send him the letters. They would tell their own story. Then she took her prayer-book to go to church—and fainted in the hall.

Somebody was holding her hand when she awoke, somebody kissed her lips, tender eyes were looking into hers as they looked fifteen years ago. Betty had let Colonel Bretton in when she had gone for the doctor. "There is an old legend in our family," he said, "that Bretton pride cost home and bride. I could not bring myself to write again. I have had it on my tongue many a time to ask you why you never came to me, or sent word, but pride forbade. I have deserved fifteen years of unhappiness. But now, my darling, if you consent, our wedding bells shall ring on New-Year's Day, and Amy Wood shall be bridemaid."

"Why didn't you tell me, Miss Soyer," said Miss Helen, "that it was you!"

RESURGO.

A COMEDY BY "OUIDA."

Cloth of gold, do not despise
To match thyself with cloth of frieze.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILIP DORMER, *Earl L'Estrange.*
MARQUIS OF IPSWICH (*son of the Duke of Lowestoft*).
PRINCIPE CARLO SANFRIANO.
ALDRED DARIAN.
DUCA DI MONTELUPO.
CLAIRE, *Madame Glyon.*
LAURA, *Principessa Sanfriano.*
LADY COWES.
COUNTESS OF ST. ASAPH.
MARCHESA ZANZINI.
Other minor persons.

SCENE I.

The long arbutus alley in the grounds of the Villa Ludovisi, in Rome.

Present: L'ESTRANGE *and* IPSWICH.

L'Estrange. Not to *feel* the Ludovisi Juno! What an utter Philistine you are!

Ipswich. Well, it's a big stone head. If you hadn't told me, I should have thought it was some severe mother-in-law of some dead Caius or Valerius.

L'Estrange (*lights a cigar*). How right Matthew Arnold is! What absolute, shameless, besotted blockheads English Philistines are!

Ipswich. One can't be a pillar of light like you, and adore marble dolls and pictures as brown as a cocoa-nut.

L'Estrange. Can a "pillar" "adore"? Confine yourself to Pall Mall jargon. You are only intelligible then.

Ipswich. But I say now, tell me, what *do* you æsthetes see in that big bust?

L'Estrange. What is the use of telling you? It is the purest ideal of womanhood that we possess.

Ipswich (*murmurs*). I prefer Jeanne Granier.

L'Estrange. It is the symbol of chastity, dignity, maternity, sovereignty. It is divine. It should be set in the centre of St. Peter's, and have the church dedicated to its worship. Almost I become a Comtist before that glorious incarnation of woman. If you had any mind or soul, you would feel so too. If you are a mere lump of flesh, clothed by Poole, you can never understand it, let it be explained to you how it may.

Ipswich. A lump of flesh! *I!* When I've won the Grand Military three times running!

L'Estrange (*with scorn*). A steeple-chase is your limit and conception of the divine.

Ipswich. Oh, I say, it's not to be sneezed at; and you ride hard enough yourself sometimes at home.

L'Estrange. To ride is one thing; to tear over hurdles in a monkey's silk jacket, with all the scum of the betting ring cursing you as you break your beast's back in a ditch, is another. Who is that coming yonder? She knows you.

Ipswich. That is the Princess Sanfriano—such a jolly little cat!

L'Estrange. Surely not Italian?

Ipswich. Canadian. Awfully nice. She don't get on with her husband; but, herself, she runs pretty straight as yet. She'd no end of money; which the cad married her for, of course.

Princess (*coming close to them*). Lord Ipswich! Are you actually 'doing Rome,' like Cook's cherubs?

Ipswich. Princess, will you allow one of my oldest friends to have the honor? [*Introduces them.*

Princess (*to L'Estrange.*)—Have you been long in Rome? I don't remember to have met you, and we all meet fifty times a week somewhere.

L'Estrange. I came last night only; but I always shun society in Rome.

Princess. Good gracious! Why?

Ipswich. He thinks it profanity here—money-changers in Temple, you know; that sort of feeling.

Princess. I see. Well, he will commit his first blasphemy at my house to-morrow. Mind you bring him.

L'Estrange (murmurs sulkily). Too kind—charmed.

Princess (continues). And as reward you shall see my beautiful and famous friend Madame Glyon. She never goes out, so you can't see her anywhere else.

L'Estrange (interested). Not the artist?

Princess. Certainly, the artist. But prepare yourself: she is as lovely as she is clever. You have seen the things she can do?

L'Estrange (with a little shudder). The things! Certainly, Princess. I never miss the *Salon*, and the grand landscapes of Madame Glyon are one of the few spiritual and yet perfectly faithful works that the age has afforded us.

Ipswich. He praises something modern at last. Rome will fall! Do you know, Princess, he has been boring me all the morning about the big head in there. It appears to me to have a "front" like my landlady in Duke Street, and wear the severity of countenance suitable to a dame at Eton.

Princess. The Ludovisi Juno? Ah! I can't see much in it; but Madame Glyon raves about it.

L'Estrange. If you will allow me, I will go and rave again also at the goddess's shrine, for I find I left a volume of Winckelmann in the gallery.

Princess. Is that *the* L'Estrange?

Ipswich. What do you mean?

Princess. I mean the one who was such a brute to his wife.

Ipswich. Brute! Nonsense, my dear Princess. He made a horrible mistake, tried to remedy it, and *failed.*

Princess. He *killed her!*

[Ipswich *laughs out loud.*

Princess (very severely). Oh, we know very well men never kill with neglect, or ill temper, or insult! I say he killed her; killed her as much as if he had danced on her in Lancashire clogs, or put arsenic in her sherry. Why, he used to write notes to her about the wrong way she held her tea-cup!

Ipswich. Well, why not? He married a little peasant.

Princess. She was a gardener's daughter. Tennyson has sanctified that.

Ipswich. She was a gardener's daughter, and he saw her first hoeing potatoes.

Princess. Pine-apples!

Ipswich. Potatoes! Princess, excuse me, but people don't hoe pine-apples, and *she—was—hoeing!*

Princess. Very well, if she were? She didn't brain him with her hoe. *She* didn't ask him to marry.

Ipswich. That was his Quixotic chivalry. He has repented it ever since.

Princess. Do you mean to say he has redeeming grace enough in him to feel remorse?

Ipswich. Oh, remorse! Come, I say! That is rather strong.

Princess. He ought to be haunted to his dying day. The Lords ought to have impeached him, and hanged him in Palace Yard.

Ipswich. Cara mia, be reasonable! What did he do? You can't have heard the right story. He married the French peasant when she was fifteen—beautiful as a dream, that I grant, but ignorant,...O Lord, you don't believe me, I see; but I assure you she tried her gloves on her feet, and asked the servants to warm her first ice!

Princess (severely). Not reasons to divorce a woman.

Ipswich. Divorce! Who talked of divorce? He bore it all like an angel.

Princess. While he was in love. Exactly. Then in six months' time all the blunders and the innocence that had seemed to him so divine grew stupid, ugly, unendurable, I know, and she was sacrificed to the petty shame of a capricious young man who knew nothing of any passion save the basest and most fleeting form of it.

Ipswich. Not at all—nothing of the kind. Of course he began to see that he had done a thing that put him in a hole; that it was out of the question to take her about in London at all: of course he remembered his position.

Princess. The one god of the Englishman!

Ipswich. Then there was his mother—wild.

Princess. I can imagine the British matron under such circumstances. Poor Claire!

Ipswich. How did you know her name?

Princess. I was at the convent he sent her to—the beast! I was a good deal younger than she (we always *say* that, you know), and I was struck by her beauty, by her despair, by her history—as any child would be.

Ipswich. And she really did—kill—herself?

Princess. He really did kill her, if you want to speak the truth. They could do nothing with her, naturally; she was sunk in apathy and misery; nothing roused her; and when she drowned herself, he was as much her murderer as though he had killed her with his own rifle.

Ipswich. My dear Princess! how could he ever foresee it?

Princess. If he had had two grains of sense, a pin's point of a heart, he would have *known* it. Can you worship a woman for six months and make her mistress of all you possess, and then turn her off to be a school-girl in a convent?

Ipswich (doggedly). I don't see what else he could do. Of course in two years' time or so he would have taken her back. I don't see how he could have stood the chaff of London if he had gone on living with a Touraine peasant girl who didn't know the common A B C of manners, and—

Princess (passionately). You will excuse me, Lord Ipswich, but *I* prefer the veriest Don Juan of them all to such a cold-hearted, paltry-spirited truckler to conventionalities. I say I prefer Mephistopheles himself! I can tell by the look of him that this wretch never cared a straw. He is as cold as a Canadian winter, and as self-engrossed as—

Ipswich. Well, you know it's eleven years ago. A fellow can't wear crape on his hat all his life.

Princess. Lord Ipswich, I hate you. Go and ask if my carriage is at the gate. I see my friend at the end of the alley, and I want to speak to her alone.

Ipswich. Why, she's living in your own house. Surely you'll let me stop, and send that boy sweeping yonder for your carriage?

Princess. How should that boy know my carriage? Go directly, or never venture to bow to me again.

Ipswich. Dread and unjust lady, I fly!

Princess. How glad I am to be rid of him! All this distance off I can tell she has something to say to me, and this morning it can only be.—Well, my dearest dear! You look pale.

Mme. Glyon *enters: she looks grave, a little agitated; she seats herself on a stone bench beside the* Princess. *For a moment she does not speak.*

The Princess (eagerly and anxiously). You have seen that man?

Mme. Glyon *gives sign of acquiescence; then, in a low voice, says:*

You knew he was in Rome?

Princess. No—no—NO! Good heavens! as if I would not have told you! But when did you see him? how? where? He was talking here with Ipswich a moment since.

Mme. Glyon. He was entering the sculpture gallery as I came out.

[*Her voice is faint and grave.*

Princess. And you said nothing happened?

Mme. Glyon. What should happen?

Princess. Much. If I were you.

Mme. Glyon (smiling slightly). You and I are very unlike, my dear. I have seen him often in the streets in Paris, and even in the *Salon* before one of my own pictures; it is nothing new; nothing to wonder at; only—only—

Princess (striking her sun-shade into the earth). Only—scoundrels have the power to torture good women when they have lost all title even to be remembered by them.

Mme. Glyon (dreamily). I do not think he has a gray hair yet; and I, how many?

Princess (with scorn). I dare say he *dyes!*

Mme. Glyon (indignantly). Ridiculous! He never cared in the least how he looked, and he is not a *ci-devant* beau of sixty.

[*Her voice gives way and she bursts into tears.*

Princess (sympathetic and yet angry). Oh, my darling, I know how you feel, and yet how *can* you feel anything? You must be a very much more forgiving woman than I. I should hate him, loathe him, abhor him. I should tear his eyes out of his head—I should make him scenes whenever I met him, so that he would grow afraid of his very shadow.

Mme. Glyon (with an effort). Like the deserted mistress of the stereotyped boulevard novel! I am quite sure you would do nothing of the kind, Laura.

Princess. I *should!* Or probably I should have shot him long ago.

Mme. Glyon. Quel mélodrame! You are very violent to-day.

Princess. Because that idiot Ipswich has been having the impudence to defend him.

Mme. Glyon. You spoke of me?

Princess. We spoke of L'Estrange's marriage and of his conduct to his wife. Ipswich is his friend. He made lame excuses. It has left me rabid for the day. I tell you, my dear, I have not your divine forgiveness.

Mme. Glyon (with coldness). Who told you I forgave? Not I.

Princess. Your conduct. Patient Grizel was never gentler.

Mme. Glyon. You do not read character very well, Laura. You have been the best of friends to me, my love, but I think you have always taken me on trust. You have never understood what I felt or why I acted.

Princess. Oh no; you are like the Ludovisi Juno to me. I gaze; I try to admire; I am dumb; I fail to comprehend. I can not appreciate the Colossal.

Mme. Glyon (with a tired smile). Am I colossal? I am as unconscious as the Juno herself.

Princess. Colossal! You are supernatural. Now, if you had torn his coat off his back in that gallery, you would have been human and akin to one.

Mme. Glyon (sternly). Do not talk in that fashion, Laura. It is quite unworthy of you, and you do not mean it.

Princess. I do.

Mme. Glyon. At all events, spare me the expression of your sentiments when they take that color. Meanwhile, do something else for me. You are intimate with Lord Ipswich. Learn from him if—if his friend stays long at Rome. Because if he do, I will return to Paris, and come to you some other time.

Princess (rapidly). I know he is going away directly—Asia Minor, I think. (*Aside.* I never dare tell her I have asked him for to-morrow night!) But if you have passed him so often in Paris, it can't hurt you so very much to pass him in Rome.

Mme. Glyon (in a low tone). It hurts me always.

Princess (kisses her hand with effusion). Oh, my dear Claire, forgive me! I am a wretch, and of course I am quite incapable of understanding you. What does the proverb say? Fools, you know, always rush in where anybody else would be afraid to tread.

Enter Ipswich.

Ten thousand pardons if I've seemed ages, but your people were right down at the end of Via S. Basileo.

Princess. Thanks. I must be off. I've got the Japanese Legation to breakfast, and it's one o'clock now.

Ipswich. Let me go to the gates with you. (*Aside to the* Princess.) Is that your great artist? What a beautiful creature!

Princess. You shouldn't say so to me, as she is the precise opposite of everything I am. But she *is* very handsome. I can't introduce you, for she won't know strangers, and she hates Englishmen.

[*Exit from the alley;* Mme. Glyon *a little behind the* Princess *and* Ipswich.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEARCHING FOR OPIUM.

The scene depicted in our sketch is one that occurs in the San Francisco Custom-house on the arrival of every steam-ship from Chinese ports. The immigrants are landed in companies of from seventy-five to one hundred within a space inclosed by a netted railing, where they undergo the most rigid search at the hands of thirty-six Custom-house officers; and it requires no ordinary skill and experience to prevent the wily Celestials from eluding the law. It is a common thing for a Chinaman to have on five or six coats, the lining of which must be thoroughly overhauled in the search for opium.

After each man is searched he is chalked on the back, and is at liberty to take himself, bag and baggage, outside the railing. There he finds an agent of the Six Companies, who sees that he is put into an express wagon, which, as soon as it has loaded up, is driven off to "Chinatown." From a thousand to twelve hundred Chinamen are thus landed twice a month in San Francisco, and are hired out by the Six Companies until they have repaid the money advanced for their passage.

A COMFORTABLE THEATRE.

Speaking generally, it may be said that the patrons of Wallack's old theatre were persons who do not despise the comforts of life, and for that class of play-goers especially his new theatre seems to have been constructed. The elegant establishment at Broadway and Thirtieth Street is very comfortable. Seating himself in a chair wide enough to hold him—no matter how large he is—pleasant in the inclination of its back and the width of its arms, and far enough behind the row of chairs in front to make his knees easy, the spectator enters peacefully into an apprehension of the fact that the decoration and shape of the interior of Wallack's new theatre are not burdened with an æsthetic mission. There has been no attempt either to bewitch him or to befool him. The tone is gold—the ceiling, the faces of the balcony and the gallery, the columns, the proscenium wall and arch, are ornamented chiefly with gold; there is no Japanese gamut of color, no excruciating fantasia of tint, no groping for the inexpressible in early English—nothing, in a word, to startle or abnormally to subdue. The ornamentation of the auditorium does not rival the *mise en scène*; one's attention is not diverted from the players to a ceiling of birds-of-paradise floating in a heaven of blue, and is not distracted by waste, pomp, or insolence in the red and gold embossed velvet of the walls of parquet and balcony; in the bevelled glass panels of those walls, which cover oil-paintings of flowers, and from which project gas brackets; in the modest mahogany of the doors, wainscoting, stairs, and foyers; in the life-size figures painted on gold grounds on the walls above the gallery; in the novel vegetable silk fabric of the panels below those figures. The nearly square parquet, sixty-four feet by sixty-four, with its concentric rows of seats and its concentric rear wall on a ninety-two feet radius, is not too large to dissipate a sense of coziness. It is, indeed, five feet narrower than the floor of the old theatre, Mr. Wallack preferring, it seems, to have a building small enough to be filled every night, rather than large enough to be filled only occasionally. The centre aisle, four feet six inches wide at the stage, is six feet four inches wide at the vestibule, increasing with the increase of the number of the passers-out. From almost any place in the commodious boxes the spectator can see the entire surface of the stage; while the stage itself, forty-four feet by sixty-five, is so high that the painter's bridge and frames can be sent up into the flies, and the whole floor utilized for purposes of scene setting. Both before and behind the scenes it is human creature's comfort that has been considered. No dead-air spaces in the building, nothing to repel sound and nothing to absorb it, have been left to disturb the operation of the principles of acoustics, but almost everything has been done to accelerate that operation. The view is good from every seat in the house, and the system of ventilation, which allows fresh air to leak in through a large chamber under the parquet, has no tendency to make one sneeze.

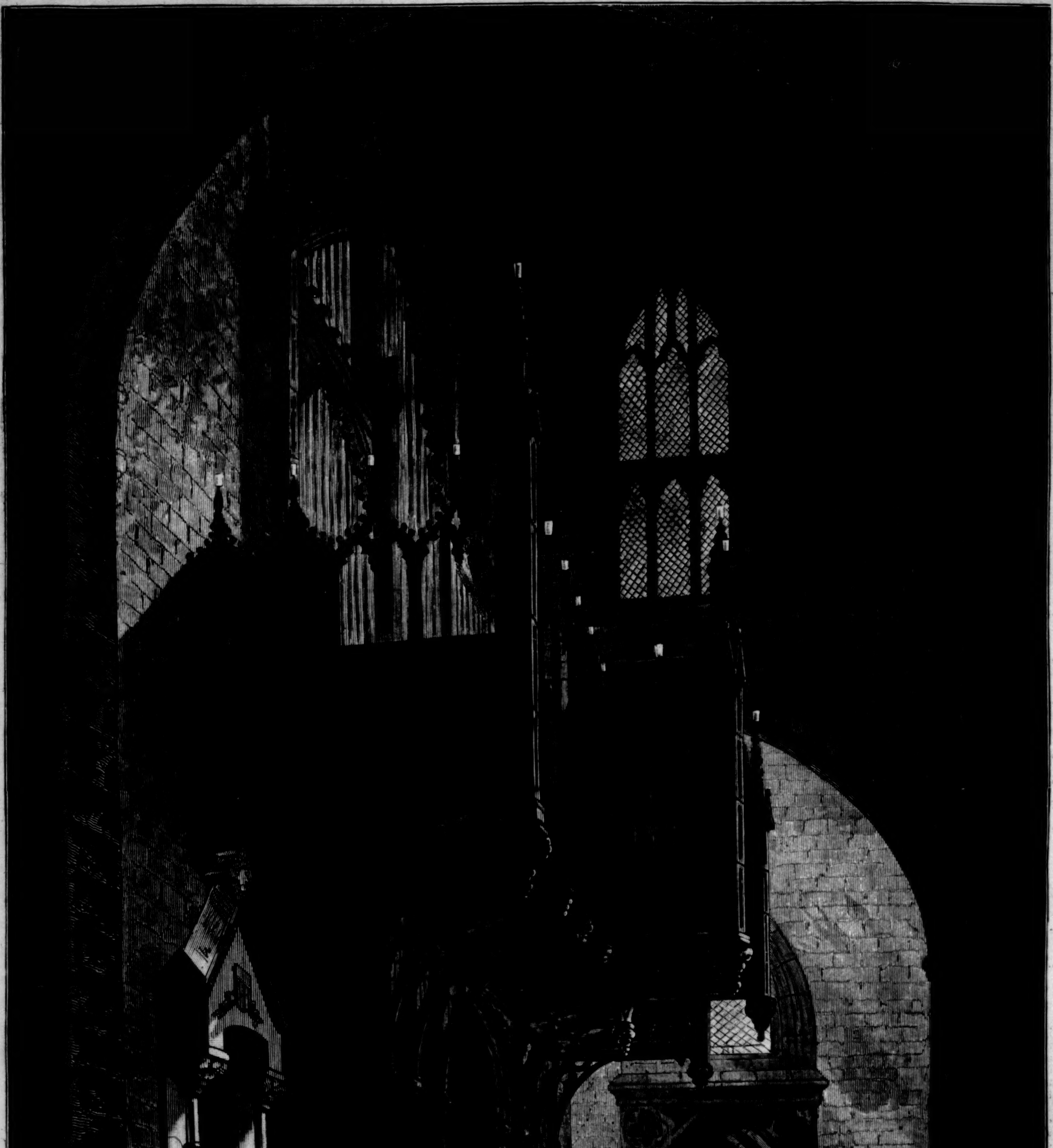
But most comfortable of all is the sense of safety. Thick brick walls, running above both roofs, separate the auditorium from the stage, while one-third of the roof above the stage is of glass, and can be opened to afford a speedy exit to smoke or flames. Several upper windows in the rear walls are intended to serve the same purpose. The entrances to the auditorium are on the border of a spacious vestibule, the width of whose door space is not less than twenty-eight feet. There are no long or crooked passages to be blocked up by a crowd. When the doors are opened after the play, Broadway is in sight, and only a few feet off. The ceiling is of sheet-iron. The engine and boiler are outside of all the walls of the building, being situated behind the rear wall. There are three independent exits from the gallery, and two ordinary and two extraordinary exits from the balcony, the regular stairways being nine feet wide, and emptying at the principal entrance to the theatre. Six front windows of the foyer, each three feet and a half in width, open upon a large balcony on Broadway. A doorway ten feet wide and a stage entrance thirteen feet wide are found on Thirtieth Street. Underneath the parquet, and leading from the music-room, is a passage to Broadway, inclosed by brick walls. From the dressing-rooms below the stage is an area passage four feet and a half wide, and also a passage ten feet wide to Thirtieth Street. All the walls that surround the theatre are four feet thick at the bottom and three feet thick at the top. It is believed that the parquet can be emptied in two minutes, and the gallery in three minutes. Twelve windows on two sides of the stage are available as exits in case of an emergency. The plans of the architect had special reference to the safety of the audience long before the terrible disaster in the Ring Theatre of Vienna emphasized this paramount subject.

Externally, the new Wallack's is as yet incomplete, but the prospect is of a façade of Queen Anne Renaissance, nine stories high, with materials of Philadelphia pressed brick, Carlyle stone, and brown stone. The first story is entirely of brown stone, with a portico seventeen feet high, supported by six polished red granite columns. The building has a depth of one hundred and fifty-five feet, and a frontage of seventy-five feet. It was begun on the 1st of May, and was ready to be opened early in January with a grand revival of the *School for Scandal* in full accord with the best traditions of Wallack's Theatre.

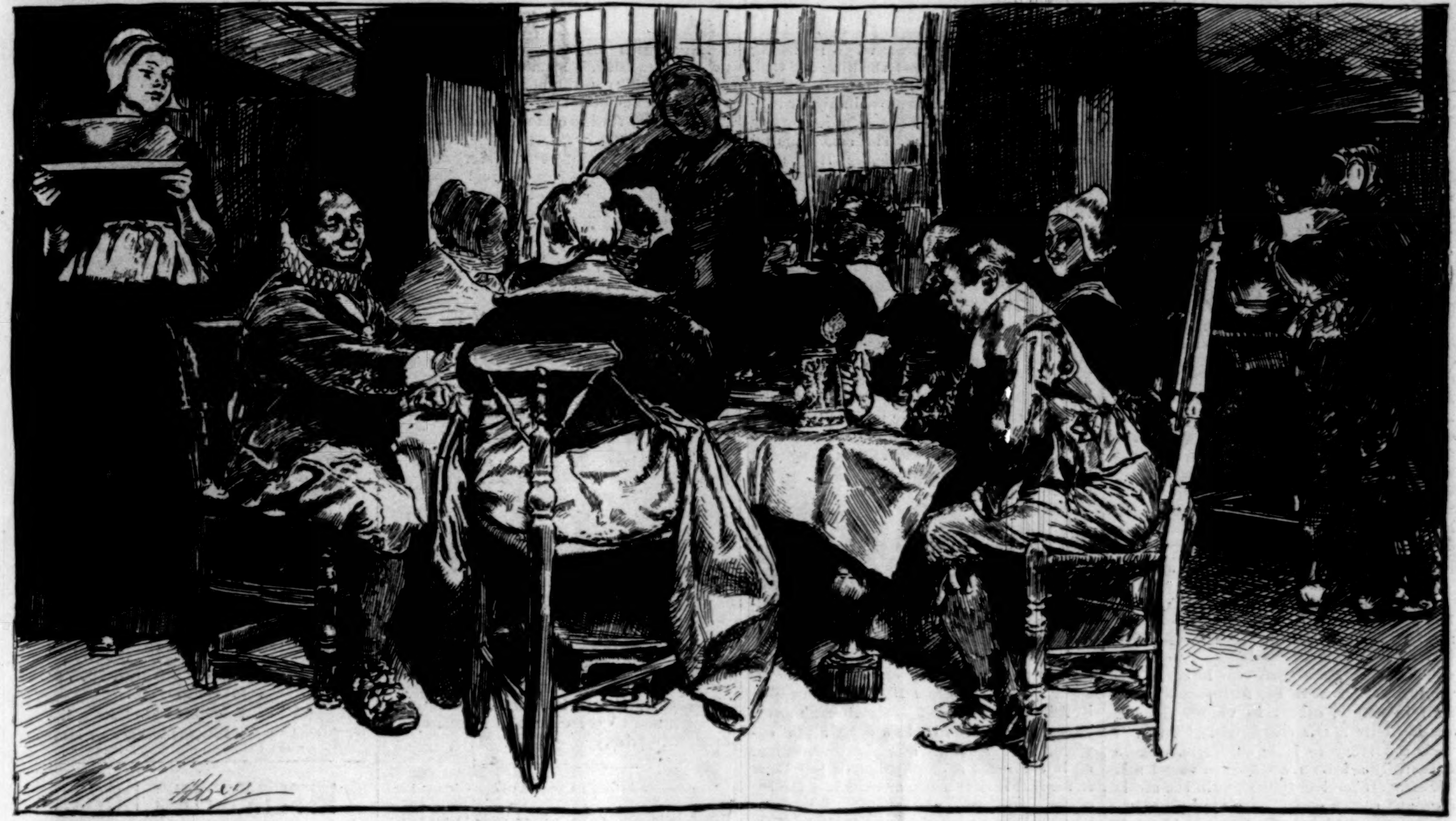
THE ORGAN-LOFT AT TRINITY CHURCH.

The view which we give in our present number represents the organ-loft of old Trinity, as seen from the first pillar in the northern aisle, opposite to the side door on the south side by which visitors from Broadway usually enter the building. The organ-loft occupies the space of the tower and a gallery that projects boldly into the body of the church, high over the great eastern doors. In it is placed the great organ, with its rows of gilded pipes towering up to the vaulted roof. The rich dark hues of the wood of which the gallery is formed, the springing brackets, the elaborate carvings, the touch of light from the metal pipes, all blend well with the gray tint of the walls and the pointed arches of the roof. On each side of the eastern door is a monument. That on the north side, which is conspicuous in our engraving, is to the memory of Captain Percival Drayton, late Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, and who during the war was captain of the flag-ship *Hartford.* On the base of the monument are the names Port Royal, Sumter, Mobile; and the few simple words, "A just man, a true patriot, a good Christian," close the brief record of his services. The other monument, an incised brass, bears the epitaph of the late rector, William Berrian, D.D., who for fifty-two years was minister within the walls in which his virtues are recorded, and in the erection of which he bestowed such zeal and energy.

The great organ is one of the largest and best in the country, being surpassed in size in New York only by the new organ in the Roman Catholic Cathedral. The choir organ is situated on the north side of the choir of the church, within the altar rails; it has not either the stops or the power of the great organ, but forms a conspicuous object within the chancel. The two extremities of the church offer a striking contrast, in which some may detect a religious symbolism. The entrance is grave, sombre, and comparatively plain and unadorned; the chancel blazes with light and color, with exquisite carvings, and stained windows of brilliant hues. At the great festivals of the Church nothing can be finer than the effect of a service at Trinity. The music as ecclesiastical music is the best in the city, and is equalled by few even of the English cathedral establishments.



THE ORGAN-LOFT IN TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.—Drawn by George Gibson.—[See Page 11.]



NEW AMSTERDAM—THE DINNER.—DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY.—[SEE POEM ON DOUBLE PAGE.]

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

THE story of the loss of the *Jeannette*, and of the safe arrival of a part of her officers and crew at the mouth of the Lena River, in Siberia, after a boat and sledge journey unparalleled in the history of arctic adventure, has already been given in HARPER'S WEEKLY. Through the courtesy of the editor of the New York *Herald*, we are able to lay before our readers the portraits of the officers of the *Jeannette*, taken just before the departure of the expedition.

Lieutenant **GEORGE W. DE LONG**, of the United States navy, commander of the *Jeannette*, was born in New York city in 1844. He was appointed an acting midshipman in 1861, and in the ordinary course of promotion he was made lieutenant in 1869. In 1873 he was appointed navigator of the relief ship *Juniata*, sent to the arctic seas in search of the survivors of the *Polaris*.

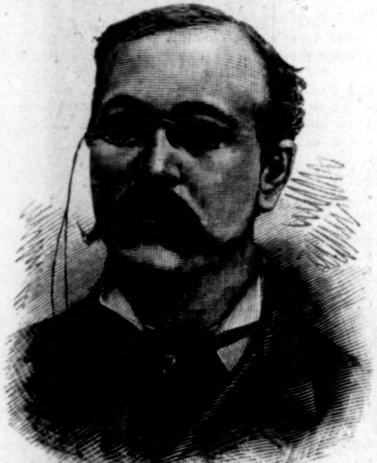
His second in command, Lieutenant **CHARLES W. CHIPP**, also of the United States navy, was born in Kingston, New York. He was the companion of DE LONG on the *Juniata*. During his career in the navy he fought in the Corean war, served long on the Asiatic station, and was in Santiago de Cuba during the *Virginius* excitement.

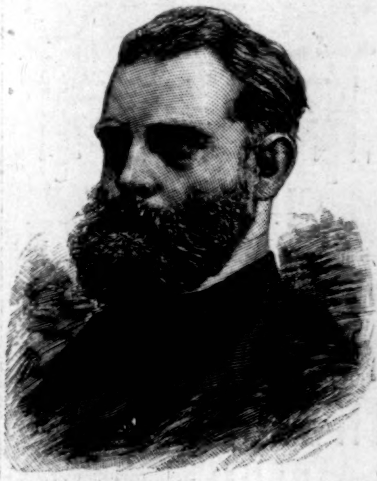
The third officer, Master **JOHN WILSON DANENHAUER**, of the United States navy, was born in Chicago in 1849. He graduated from the Naval Academy in 1870, and served two years with the European squadron in the *Juniata*. He was also with the *Portsmouth* two years on a surveying and exploring expedition.

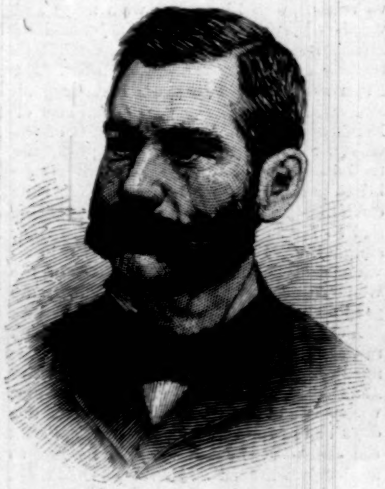
GEORGE W. MELVILLE, Past Assistant Engineer, was born in this city in 1841. Like the first two officers of the *Jeannette*, he has had previous arctic experience. He was engineer on the *Tigress* during her cruise after BUDDINGTON and his party from the *Polaris*. He served on the *Chattanooga* during the war, and when he left with the *Jeannette* had twelve years of sea service to his credit.

Dr. **JAMES M. M. AMBLER**, surgeon of the ship, is a native of Virginia, and was born in 1848. He was the son of a physician, and was educated at Washington and Lee College, Virginia, and graduated in 1870 from the University of Maryland with honor. He practiced medicine for three years in Baltimore, and joined the navy in 1874.

The scientist of the expedition, who is also the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, is Mr. **JEROME J. COLLINS**, a native of Ireland, who for several years previous to his


LIEUTENANT GEORGE W. DE LONG.


LIEUTENANT CHARLES W. CHIPP.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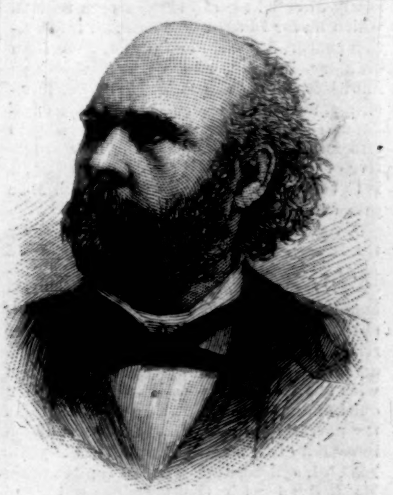
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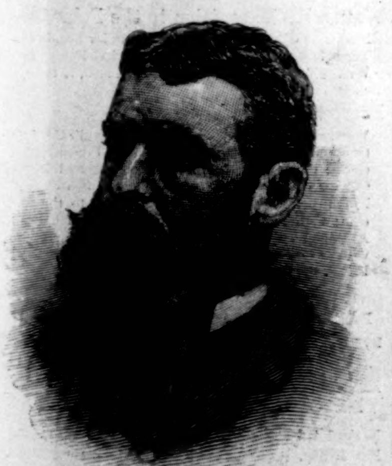
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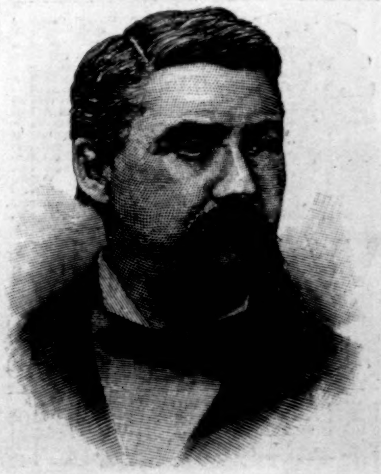
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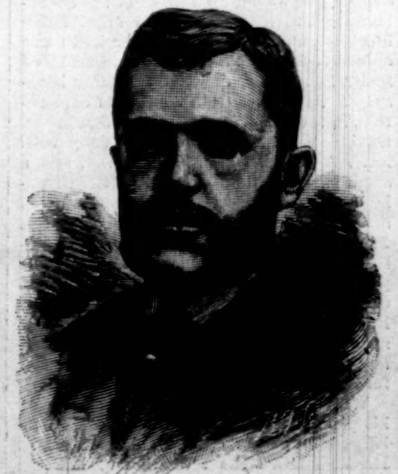
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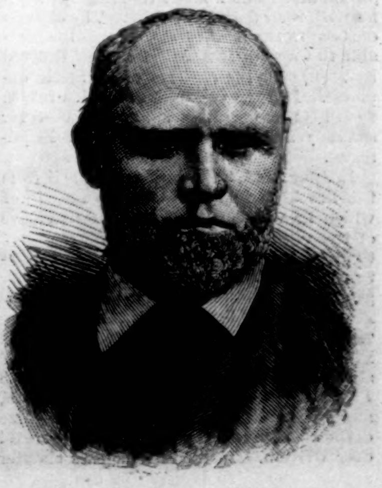
CAPTAIN WILLIAM DUNBAR.

THE OFFICERS OF THE "JEANNETTE."—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK "HERALD."]

departure with the *Jeannette* was connected with the *Herald* Weather Bureau. Mr. NEWCOMB, the taxidermist, is a native of Salem, Massachusetts. He was recommended for the post by Professor BAIRD, of the Smithsonian Institution. Captain WILLIAM DUNBAR, the ice pilot, is a native of New London, Connecticut, and was born in 1834. He had thirty-six years of service as a whaler, was familiar with the North Pacific whaling grounds, and had been in the ice-bound antarctic seas.

The *Jeannette* was crushed in the ice on the 23d of last June, more than six months ago. For three months the brave Commander DE LONG and his party were struggling with the terrors and dangers of the frozen seas before they could reach human habitations, and three months more have elapsed while the news of their escape traversed the barren wastes of Siberia, and finally reached St. Petersburg, from whence it was transmitted in all haste to every part of the civilized world. But beyond the mere fact that the *Jeannette* is lost, and that most if not all of her crew are saved, nothing is yet known of the thrilling adventures through which this gallant ship and her brave company have passed. The story of nearly two years of arctic experience is yet to be told—a story which is awaited with anxious impatience.

The intense desire not alone of scientists, but of all intelligent minds, to unveil the mysteries of the extreme north, has for centuries given a constant impetus to arctic exploration. More than two hundred exploring parties have set forth, some to return in safety, others to vanish forever, leaving only a few scattered relics to tell their sad story to later explorers. There is scarcely a season when some vessel and her crew are not lost from sight in the arctic seas, and search expeditions are being constantly sent out by governments and by private parties. During the past year a vigorous but unsuccessful search has been prosecuted for the *Jeannette*, and now that her fate is known, attention is turned toward the *Eira*, a steam-yacht owned and commanded by Mr. LEIGH SMITH. The *Eira* was last seen on the 8th of July, off the west coast of Nova Zembla, steaming northward. Mr. SMITH is an experienced arctic voyager, but he had no intention of wintering in the northern seas, and it is feared that his small craft may have become entangled in the drift ice of the Barentz Sea, and a rescue expedition is contemplated by his English friends.

Among the publications of Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS are many interesting and valuable works of arctic exploration. At the present time, when by recent important events the attention of the public is earnestly directed toward those frozen regions which lie far to the northward, all information concerning them becomes of more than ordinary interest, and with a thorough knowledge of the discoveries of earlier navigators, and of their struggles in those ice-bound seas, the reader will be better able to understand and appreciate the new narrative of exploration and adventure which, it is to be hoped, will before many months be given to the public.

A volume of intense interest, published by the Messrs. HARPER, is *Arctic Researches, and Life among the Esquimaux*, by CHARLES FRANCIS HALL, who now lies buried on an ice-bound shore at the upper end of Smith Sound, not far from the most northern point ever reached by man. This book is a handsome octavo of nearly six hundred pages, supplied with charts and maps, and illustrated with one hundred wood-engravings. It contains the narrative of Captain HALL's expedition in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN in the years 1860, '61, and '62, during which time Captain HALL lived with the Esquimaux in and around Frobisher Bay, studied their language, and made himself thoroughly familiar with their domestic habits. The climate of these frozen regions was especially agreeable to Captain HALL. He appeared fitted by nature for the position of an arctic explorer. In 1864, two years after his return from his first cruise, he again embarked for a five years' residence among the Esquimaux.

In June, 1871, Captain HALL set sail from the Brooklyn Navy-yard in the *Polaris*, of which he was commander. The narrative of the voyage of the *Polaris*, the death of Captain HALL, and the subsequent adventures of the ship and its gallant crew are graphically told in a volume entitled *Arctic Experiences*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS. This work contains Captain GEORGE E. TYSON's account of his wonderful drift of six months on the ice-floe, a history of the *Polaris* expedition, the cruise of the *Tigress*, and rescue of the *Polaris* survivors. It is one of the most interesting works of arctic travel ever written. In an introductory chapter an outline sketch is given of the explorations of northern regions from the time of the visits to Greenland by Norse navigators a thousand years ago, and at the close of the volume is a complete chronology of arctic travel. The story of the *Polaris* and the adventures of its crew while returning homeward is of the most thrilling interest. After the death of Captain HALL, in November, 1871, the *Polaris* remained in higher winter-quarters than had been occupied by any earlier arctic explorer. The sufferings of her crew were considerable, but it was not until the following October that the full terrors of arctic experience fell upon the unfortunate party. During a dark, snowy night a "nip" commenced, and fearing the vessel would be crushed, the party at once proceeded to remove stores and other necessities to the ice. While engaged in this work, Captain TYSON with eighteen others being on the ice, a terrible explosion was heard, and the ship broke away, and immediately vanished in the darkness and driving snow. Imagination can scarcely picture the feelings of the party thus left alone and exposed to the terrors of an arctic night. Then followed the long, weary struggle for existence on the ice-floe, ending at last in the joyful meeting with the *Tigress*.

The story of Captain BUDDINGTON and thirteen others, who were on board when the *Polaris* broke loose and drifted helplessly into the vast waste of broken ice, is also of intense interest. The vessel was hopelessly wrecked, but the men were saved, and after surviving the terrible arctic winter, succeeded in reaching the bounds of civilization during the following summer.

A small volume of special interest at present is the *Narrative of an Expedition to the Polar Sea in the Years* 1820–3, commanded by Admiral WRANGELL, of the Russian navy. The account given by this early arctic explorer is very quaint and picturesque, and as it embraces a description of the Lena River and its numerous mouths, and the icy ocean beyond, so recently traversed by Commander DE LONG and his party, it receives a new charm.

While Admiral WRANGELL (at that time lieutenant) was exploring north of the Siberian coast, Captain PARRY was also seeking the northwest passage from the eastern end. The account of his three voyages to the extreme north, and of his later attempt to reach the north pole by way of Spitzbergen, is published by HARPER & BROTHERS in two small volumes.

The narratives of these early explorers, including descriptions of many localities now familiar to the world, but which they were the first to visit, are of extreme interest, and contain the same thrilling experiences of perpetual struggle with cold and ice-bound seas as have fallen to the lot of more modern voyagers.

Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow-Shoes is an octavo volume, well illustrated with maps and wood-engravings, containing a journal of Siberian travel and explorations made in the years 1865–7, by RICHARD J. BUSH. Mr. BUSH spent some two years travelling up and down through the coast countries of Northeastern Asia, along the shores of the Okhotsk and Behring seas, adopting the methods of travel in use by the half-savage inhabitants, living with them in their rude dwellings, joining their hunting excursions, and so far as possible entering into their simple life. His narrative is written in vivacious style, and his descriptions of the wonderful scenery of that wild country are graphic and picturesque.

A charming volume of arctic travel, which reveals the beauty and fascination of the northern regions, but not the terrors, is *The Land of Desolation*, by Dr. ISAAC I. HAYES, whose recent death, occurring only a few days before the reception of the news from the *Jeannette*—news for which he had so anxiously watched and waited—has filled many hearts with sorrow. Dr. HAYES was an experienced arctic navigator. He had explored eight hundred miles of the Greenland coast with Dr. KANE in the brig *Advance* in 1853–5, and five years later he had made extensive land journeys west and north of Smith Sound, and experienced many hardships. After these two voyages of exploration, in the summer of 1869 he embarked on the steam-yacht *Panther*, in company with Mr. WILLIAM BRADFORD, the artist, and a small party of friends, bound for the Greenland coast, in search of the picturesque and artistic aspects of glaciers and icebergs. *The Land of Desolation* is a sparkling chronicle of this unique summer excursion. The party went beyond the northern limits of civilization, and ventured boldly into the ice-pack of Melville Bay, anchoring to a floe among a forest of icebergs, where the *Panther* came very near being made a prisoner for the winter.

While Mr. BRADFORD made good use of his pencil, and transferred many of the icebergs and barren cliffs to his canvas, Dr. HAYES studied the formation of icebergs and glaciers, and inspected the Norse ruins, relics of the early settlements along the Greenland coast. A picnic party among the ice-floes of the North is a novelty, and their experience as told in this book will always be read with interest.

Exploration of the arctic regions will never cease until, if such a thing be possible, the mystery of the north pole is solved, and its lands and seas mapped out and named. But thrilling as may be the adventures of navigators yet to come, they can scarcely exceed in interest the story of those who have already returned from those inhospitable seas to tell of manly struggles, sufferings, and brave endurance.

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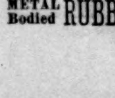

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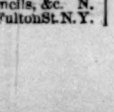

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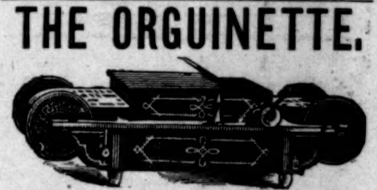

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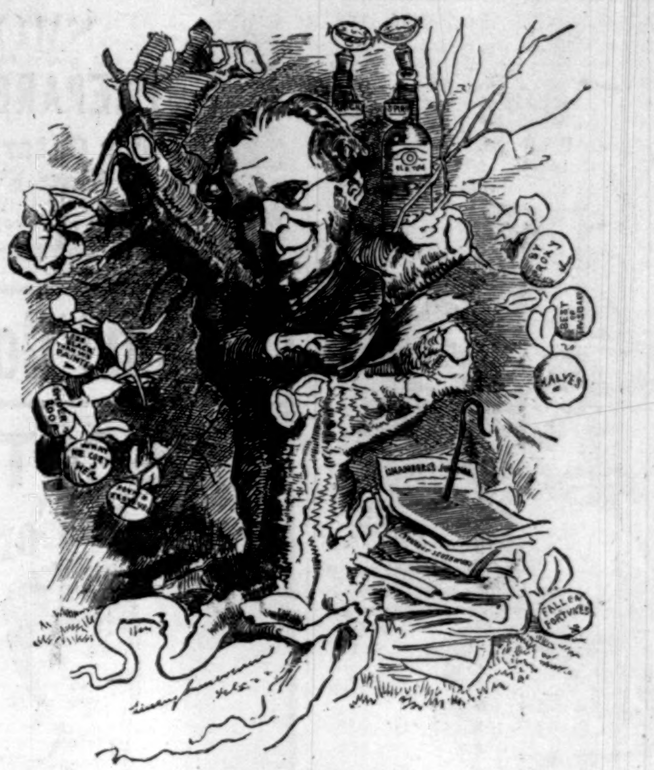

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